

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Bernard Sayman

BARRY GOLDWATER

VOL. 83 NO. 24

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Nylon woods are available at pro shops throughout the country.

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When is a "wood" not a wood? When it's a nylon wood. Golf club heads are now being made of Allied Chemical's Plaskon® Nylon. This nylon, from our Plastics Division, is so tough that the manufacturer of the clubs will back them with a lifetime guarantee against breakage. They won't nick, chip, crack, swell, or shrink. Resist scratching and scuffing, too, thanks to nylon from Allied Chemical. The new line of woods comes in red, blue, black, and simulated mahogany. All

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Tough beards! Wiry beards! Twice-a-day beards! Nothing shaves 'em faster, smoother, *closer* than the new Ronson "200" Electric Shaver! A sun-up to bedtime kind of shave... because no shaver but the Ronson has the "Miracle Cutter"—32 blades *micro-honed* for super-sharpness. Blades that get *closer* to the base of your beard through Ronson's exclusive "Micro-Thin" shaving screen, the thinnest made! And no other shaver has "Super-Trim"... man-size clippers that trim a sideburn or a mustache straight, clean, and neat! Both shaving screen and cutter are instantly and easily replaceable. And the Lexan case is unbreakable. The Ronson "200" with automatic power cleaning adds up to the finest electric shaver value in the world today! Get a free demonstration at your Ronson dealer's, and find out why...

The Ronson "200" Shaver is the closest friend your face ever had

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ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Name another car that comes on like the Barracuda, seats 5, and costs less than \$2500

We keep that \$2500* in display because we think it's fairly fantastic for a car that looks like this.

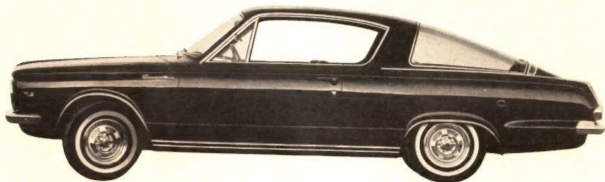
A fastback is one thing. A fastback that converts into the world's most exciting cargo ship is another.

The point is, the Barracuda is more than wild-looking. It's got a full back seat that folds down, creating 7 feet of fully carpeted "anything" space. (Anything from luggage to ladders!)

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front bucket seats and tinted glass in rear window.

Optional teasers include a 273-cubic-inch V-8; a floor-mounted 4-speed shift; a racing-type, wood-grained steering wheel; and wheel covers with exposed chrome-plated lugs. (It's a kick just to go down the street with those lugs spinning!)

*"Less than \$2500" is based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for lowest-price 6-cylinder model, exclusive of destination charges, state and local taxes, if any, and optional equipment.

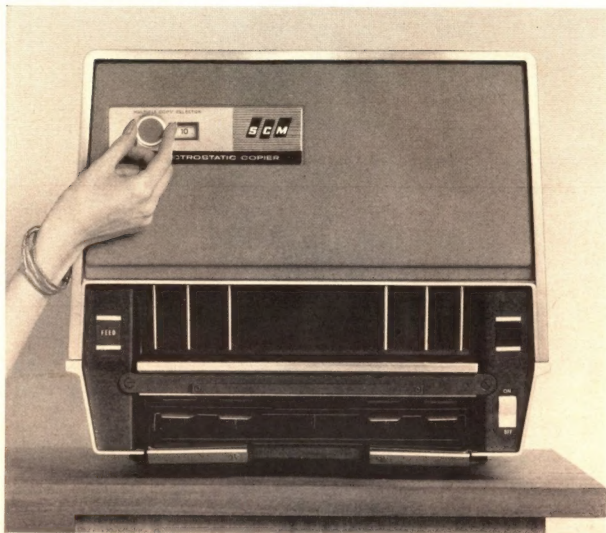


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So will you.**

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Life-Saver's built for long life—has more rubber in it than any other tire B.F. Goodrich makes. Naturally, a tire like this is expensive. But if you want tires as worry-free as they come, Life-Saver 880's are the ones you ought to have on your car. See

them at your B.F. Goodrich dealer. His name is in your Yellow Pages.

B.F. Goodrich

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Life-Saver 880 by B.F. Goodrich



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...and Andersen Windows will cost you less to own!

... they cut fuel bills 15% or more. It's true. You can save 15% or more on heating and cooling costs with Andersen Windows.

It's the way they are made... up to 4 times more weathertight than ordinary windows. Extra snug to seal out heat or cold for the life of your home.

... they're precision-built for lifetime operating ease. Open and close any Andersen Window. See how easy it is? No sticking. No binding. No bothersome maintenance. Nothing but comfort and convenience today and 40 years from now.

... they can spare you the expense and bother of storm windows. All 7 beautiful styles, in more than 600 sizes, are available with welded insulating glass. Eliminates the need for storm windows forever... without sacrificing fuel savings. Gives two fewer glass surfaces to clean.

... they add to the value of your home. Andersen Windows offer the ageless beauty of rich, warm wood. Wood that creates an air of inviting charm... a lasting welcome that pays off in increased resale value should you sell your home.

Get a demonstration at your Andersen lumber dealer or distributor. See how Andersen Windows cost less to own.



When you buy or build, look for the Andersen name. It's a good sign of quality.

Windows shown: Andersen Casements #W2N4 with welded insulating glass—Twins® or Thermopane®.



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"Two good ways to
beat the worries"

Wausau Story

by **CARL KIEKHAEFER,**

*President, The Kiekhaefer
Corporation, manufacturer of
Mercury Outboards,
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*Outboard boating today offers a
variety of carefree fun from speeding
over open water to exploring tropical
rivers. Photo above is divided by
waterline across camera lens and
shows the phenomenally clear water
at Siloer Springs, Florida.*

"First, leave your troubles on the shore and take to the water; there's nothing like boating for carefree recreation in your leisure hours.

"Second, when it comes to business, nothing relieves your mind of worries like knowing that your company has a sound insurance program.

"I believe all of us at Kiekhaefer Corporation are better able to devote our thoughts to the manu-

facture and sales of outboards because of the way Employers Mutuals of Wausau handles our business insurance.

"Employers Mutuals' thoroughness and long experience enable us to enjoy protection for our people and our company that frees us from troubling uncertainties. And with Employers Mutuals' country-wide offices, each with its own trained

staff, we have the same fine service in all our locations. I heartily agree that they are 'good people to do business with'."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes group health and accident plans, fidelity bonds, all forms of fire, liability and casualty insurance, including auto, and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

164 Offices Coast to Coast / "Good people to do business with"





When the honeymoon is over . . . how many letters will she owe?

■ Depends upon her guest list, of course, and we here at WESTAB hope it was a long one. That's because, we probably made the stationery for the "thank you" notes this bride will be mailing a couple of weeks from now.

What's more, we look forward to supplying the paper for the invitations to her first baby shower and, years from now, when that child is ready for school, he or she will need one of our Blue Horse® notebooks, The Spiral® theme book or HyTone® writing tablets and envelopes.

We manufacture all these products and over 5,000 other school and stationery supplies—in 11 plants coast to coast—serving a nationwide network of sales outlets large and small.

We've been at it since 1906. Today, we're the biggest in our business and expect to be even bigger tomorrow. Since our sales curve roughly parallels population growth, you have only to look at your newspaper's society page of a June Sunday morning to understand why we never cry at weddings.

If you are interested in becoming better acquainted with us, our business, products and facilities, send for your free copy of our new, illustrated brochure. Simply drop a card to: WESTAB INC., Dept. 1, The Hulman Bldg., Dayton 2, Ohio.

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air conditioning, background music and other things to help your office and plant employees accomplish *more*. Your key executives, on the other hand, may be *losing* endless hours just trying to get from one place to another. The answer for

many companies is a Beechcraft—the business machine that multiplies key management people. Think what a Beechcraft could mean to your firm in extra executive accomplishment and better-looking Profit & Loss statements. Get more facts now.



Beechcraft Queen Air 80 seats 6 to 9 in quiet comfort, surrounded by rich leathers, luxurious fabrics, fine-grained woods and deep-pile carpeting. Supercharged fuel injection en-

gines give it a top speed well over four miles per minute. Span the continent with only one fuel stop. Airstair door provides easy entrance. One of many airliner-type features.



Wide choice of newest electronic equipment for navigation and communication, including radar, for "on schedule" operations, day or night.



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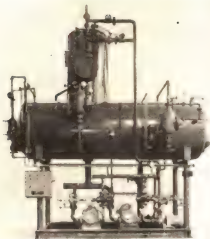


5-seat Beechcraft Bonanza flies at speeds to 212 mph. Many executives in their 50's learned to fly in it.



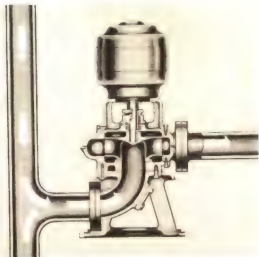
Beech "Imaginity" in research, development and technical fabrication plays a vital part in many of today's AEROSPACE and MILITARY projects, as well as in building better business airplanes. For example: Beech developed today's most successful, most sophisticated supersonic operational missile target weapons system, the Navy's AQM-37A—another example of the broad range of Beech capabilities.

Four problems in flow control. And one solution.



Need "Zero Oxygen" boiler feed water? Crane's "pre-engineered," shop-assembled, packaged deaerating systems provide it! These units are designed for industrial plants, institutions and commercial buildings; they can be installed in minimum time at minimum cost. All this substantially reduces your engineering time and simplifies specification, selection, purchasing and receiving.

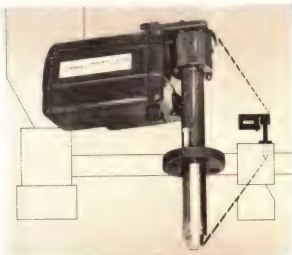
*See ENR 7/10/64 p. 60 for details



Need to pump suspended solids? Crane has a new Non-Clog Pump that is ideal for use in this difficult type of service. Before designing this highly efficient pump our engineers asked customers what they themselves wanted. Thus it incorporates all the features that users have been looking for. You'll benefit from minimum maintenance and consequent reduction of costly down-time.



Need pipeline valves quickly? Colonial Pipeline did for the world's largest-diameter petroleum products pipeline, and Crane's Chapman Division delivered forty-eight 36" gate valves and ninety-two 24" valves ahead of schedule. Because of their vast experience, Chapman personnel were able to build top-quality valves quickly and thereby help expedite completion of the pipeline.



Need to measure pressure while extruding viscous fluids? Crane's P3T Pressure Transmitter eliminates the time lag and stagnant pressure lines commonly associated with measuring the pressure of such materials as polymers, asphalts, slurries or any viscous fluid. Thus it insures against product contamination while assuring the strictest quality control at the same time.

Crane—and only Crane—can provide you with *one* source of supply (and *one* responsibility) for so much of the equipment you need to solve flow-control problems in virtually any basic industry. Our over-all experience and competence enable us to carry out the toughest recommendations in the most efficient and economical manner. For more information, write on your letterhead to Crane Co., 300 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y., or Crane Canada Ltd., Montreal, Que.



The green fender came
off a '58.

The blue hood came
off a '59.

The beige fender came
off a '64.

The turquoise door came
off a '62.

Most VW parts
are interchangeable
from one year to the next.

That's why parts
are so easy to get.





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IT'S PICK-A-PAIR TIME! What's all the commotion about? Pick-a-Pair time is coming soon to stores everywhere ...featuring store-spangled specials on many, many items. Be sure to vote twice for **Budweiser**.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 10

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)²
The current controversy over the citizen's constitutional right to "bear arms."

Thursday, June 11

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960 (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.) Emmy Award winner as "program of the year," a television adaptation of Theodore H. White's Pulitzer-prizewinning study of the late President Kennedy's campaign for the presidency. Repeat.

Saturday, June 13

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9:11-14 p.m.) John Huston's *Asphalt Jungle*, a classic tale of an attempted jewel robbery, starring Sterling Hayden, Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe.

Sunday, June 14

DIRECTIONS '64 (ABC, 2-3:30 p.m.) The position of the nun in the modern world is examined by a panel of lay Catholics and nuns.

THE BUICK OPEN (ABC, 4:30-6 p.m.) The final 18 holes of the seventh annual Buick Open Golf Tournament.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.) The 1942 fall of Singapore, called by Winston Churchill "the worst disaster and largest capitulation in British history."

DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) A U.S. State Department troubleshooter (Arthur Kennedy) is assigned to a dictator-ruled Latin American country. Color.

Tuesday, June 16

HIGH ADVENTURE WITH LOWELL THOMAS (CBS, 8-9 p.m.) Premiere of a summer series featuring rebroadcasts of Lowell's adventures in remote areas of the world.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES but the theme is thorns in this fine new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed bloodletting that drains away the lives of people who live within the intimacy of the family without being intimate. The three actors, Jack Albertson, Martin Sheen and Irene Dailey, are so nearly perfect that they must have been cast under a favorable sign of the zodiac.

HAMLET. Richard Burton is a virile, extravagant Hamlet with no hint of the melancholy self-questioning that stays his killing of the King. However, Burton's fresh phrasing of the play's famed familiar lines lends great luster to the evening.

FUNNY GIRL. A one-woman burst of starfire named Barbra Streisand illuminates the rise, the love life and the heart-break of another great and funny girl, Fanny Brice.

HIGH SPIRITS. Anyone who can count to two will recognize the source of all the zany good humor that has been injected into this musical version of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*. The blithesome two some—Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Sandy Dennis looks as licit as a child with an ice-cream cone, but she is the Other Woman in a hilari-

ously illicit schedule of sex on the one-day-a-week plan.

DYLAN is a brilliant illustration of how an actor of unparalleled skill can invade the mind and personify the temperament of another man, despite a considerable difference in appearance. For a little over two hours, Dylan Thomas lives again in Alec Guinness.

HELLO, DOLLY! is a big, bouncy, brassy, sassy Broadway musical in the best sense of all those mildly intimidating words. Ditto Carol Channing.

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS. How to be a charmingly roguish phony is demonstrated by a zany TV writer-producer (Barry Nelson) who spouts triple-tongued, two-timing dialogue.

BARFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon, Director Mike Nichols and Stars Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford pack a hamperful of laughs for this comic picnic about two newlyweds and their ups and downs in a six-hour walk-up.

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN, by LeRoi Jones, raises the color question to a new and distinctly terrifying pitch of violence. A sexually aggressive white girl and a sedate but inwardly seething Negro tell each other off in words that finally kill.

THE BLOOD KNOT links two South African half brothers in a twisted, tender but tormenting embrace that involves both races and the human race.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. The keening eloquence of body, mind and speech that graces this superb revival of the Euripidean classic is the unstillable cry of tragedy.

RECORDS

Chorus & Song

VERDI: FOUR SACRED PIECES (Angel). Just before he wrote *Falstaff* at 79, Verdi composed the *Ave Maria* and *Laudi alla Vergine Maria*; he finished the *Te Deum* and *Stabat Mater* at 83. Together they make a magnificent and devout peroration to the life-work of a man who was a free-thinker in his youth. The *Te Deum* includes a most urgent prayer, and Verdi asked that the music be buried with him. Carlo Maria Giulini leads the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus (240 voices) in a stereophonic recording that matches the soaring splendor of the music.

SCHUBERT: DIE WINTERREISE (Angel; 2 LPs). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, the greatest living lieder singer, sings some of Schubert's greatest lieder—a 24-part cycle about a rejected lover who sets out on a winter journey of despair, tantalized by everything he sees and dreams. These were Schubert's own favorites among his songs and were written just a year before his death at 31. Hermann Prey, a younger German baritone of growing renown, has also recorded *Die Winterreise* (Vox; 2 LPs). His voice is richer, but his interpretation is less subtle: while Fischer-Dieskau suffers a hundred varieties of huris, Prey suffices the whole in a single sorrow.

SONGS OF NED ROREM (Columbia) sung by Regina Sarfaty, Phyllis Curtin and others. Since the death of Poulenc, Indiana-born, 40-year-old Ned Rorem is probably the world's best composer of art songs. Here he puts to music the slithering of Theodore Roethke's *Snake*, the slow flow of Paul Goodman's *The Lordly*

Hudson, and Elizabeth Bishop's poem about Ezra Pound in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the mentally ill, which becomes a chilling Baedeker of bedlam. Rorem has jettisoned tonality, but his rhythms are generally as even as pulse beats, and he lets voices rise and flow within their natural limits.

BACH: CANTATA NO. 51 (Decca). "Make a joyful noise unto God," sings Soprano Judith Raskin as she proceeds to do so, outshining a trumpet obbligato in a series of brilliant salvos. It is a virtuoso performance of some of Bach's most difficult and florid arias, and Thomas Dunn's Festival Orchestra of New York is almost too unobtrusive.

STRAVINSKY: SYMPHONY OF PSALMS (Columbia). "God must not be praised in fast, forte music," Stravinsky once declared, and he holds to deliberate tempos as he conducts the CBC Symphony and the Festival Singers of Toronto in his imposing setting for Psalms 150 and 40. In notes on the upside-down pyramid of figures and other components of this elaborate musical structure he created in 1930, he explains: "One hopes to worship God with a little art if one has any."

BACH: CANTATA NO. 211 (Nonesuch). Wearing his worldly wig, Bach wrote a miniature operetta called the *Coffee Cantata*. A father threatens every punishment to save his daughter from vice, but she persists: "If I don't get my coffee three times a day, I'm like a piece of dried-up meat." Coffee, she sings, is "better than a thousand kisses." A gay sprig of baroque music, the cantata is given an airy and stylish performance by the soloists, chorus and chamber orchestra of Radio Berlin.

CINEMA

THAT MAN FROM RIO. Jean-Paul Belmondo ducks poisoned darts, outwits mad scientists, and narrowly escapes a Brazilian crocodile in Director Philippe de Broca's wonderfully wacky distillation of all the adventure movies ever made.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST. In this cheeky, stylish, often mordantly funny variation on *Room at the Top*, an aristocratic wastrel (Denholm Elliott) teaches a lowly British clerk (Alan Bates) how to attain Establishment status.

THE ORGANIZER. Marcello Mastroianni is superb as a scraggly 19th century revolutionary in Director Mario (Big Deal on *Madame Street*) Momicelli's timeless, beautifully photographed, warmly human drama about a textile strike in Turin.

THE NIGHT WATCH. In this taut French thriller, five criminals trying to tunnel out of a Paris prison learn that a man can scratch and claw his way to freedom from everything but himself.

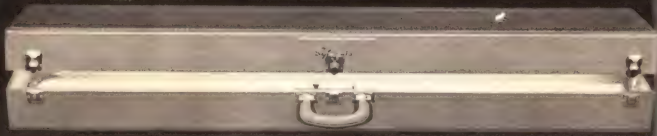
BECKET. Church-state conflict turns friends to foes in a glowing screen spectacle based on Jean Anouilh's drama about England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury (Richard Burton), who dies defying King Henry II (Peter O'Toole).

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. This dry spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction follows Secret Agent 007 (Sean Connery) to Istanbul where wine, women and wrongs are swiftly and impeccably Bonded.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. A pair of teen-age furries pursue Concert Pianist Peter Sellers around Manhattan with hilarious results.

THE SERVANT. All candlelight and gleaming crystal, this smooth essay on class distinction in Britain casts Dirk Bogarde

Q what weighs 29 pounds
looks like a stretched-out suitcase
lights up on your desk
(and in just 5 minutes shows how you can make
considerable savings on power costs for fluorescent light)



A for the complete answer
and a surprising demonstration
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Why all the mystery? Simple. We claim our 40-watt fluorescents use less electricity than any other standard on the market. And we're prepared to back it up. Not just with a lot of bewildering facts, confusing figures and chest-thumping copy. But—since seeing is

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solid scientific principles that prove without question that high-volume Sylvania fluorescents—like the 40-watt types—use less electricity than other fluorescents with the same light output—and can save you considerable money in power cost every single month. The Sylvania Distributor in your town has one right now. Give him a phone call soon.

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as the malicious valet who trades places with his master.

THE SILENCE. Lightning bolts of Ingegar Bergman's genius illuminate a dark, chilling allegory in which two women and a child travel to a city abounding in lust, loneliness and death.

BOOKS

Best Reading

JEFFERSON AND CIVIL LIBERTIES, by Leonard Levey. The thesis of this well-documented polemic is that Jefferson was not the civil libertarian he has been made out to be. He was not above suspending freedoms when it suited his purpose, and to enforce his unpopular embargo, he, in effect, made war on Americans.

NEGRO POETS: U.S.A., edited by Langston Hughes. These 37 young Negro poets seem to have read their Wallace Stevens and Lowell along with everyone else. The result is highly personal verse, much of it good, more of it promising.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. The Nobel-prizewinning author wrote this memoir of his lean years in the Paris of the '20s when he was in his 50s, rich, famous but passé. *Feast* reveals Hemingway's deadly, deadpan sense of humor, his lingering romanticism, but most of all, the degree to which he fooled himself.

CORDELL HULL, by Julius W. Pratt. Though he was Secretary of State for nearly twelve years, Hull learned curiously little about either statesmanship or psychology. Pratt's is a straightforward biography that shies away from judgments.

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY, by John Le Carré. The first two thrillers by the author of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* have been reissued in one volume. The best one is about British intelligence, has some of the same characters as *The Spy*, and both are fine whodunits.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT INSIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The author of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* recounts his partial recovery from a "cerebrovascular accident" (in layman's terms, a stroke). His wit and skill with words are totally unimpaired.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *The Group*, McCarthy (3)
4. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (5)
5. *The Spire*, Golding (4)
6. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (7)
7. *Condy*, Southern and Hollenbeck (10)
8. *The Wapshot Scandal*, Cheever (6)
9. *The Martyred*, Kim (9)
10. *The Venetian Affair*, MacInnes

NONFICTION

1. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (2)
2. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (3)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (4)
4. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (1)
5. *The Naked Society*, Packard (5)
6. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (6)
7. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (7)
8. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (8)
9. *In His Own Write*, Lennon (9)
10. *When the Cheering Stopped*, Smith (10)

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Weber Paper Company
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Sioux City
Rogers Electric Supply
101-111 Jackson Street, 5-1635

Waterloo
Kies Elec. Supply Co.
118 Sycamore Street

MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor
Arbor Lite, Inc.
Industrial Highway, 655-8676

Battle Creek
Kendall Electric Supply Co.
125 Grand Trunk Avenue, 963-5585

Benton Harbor
All Phase Electric Supply Co.
Oak & Colfax St., WA 6-5118

Detroit
Carler Electric
2625 John R, 831-0700

Fife Electric Supply Company
1711 Trumbull Avenue, WO 3-1160

General Light Supply Co.
79 Norton Street, TR 1-5544

McNaughton McKay Electric
7000 Intervale, TE 4-7600

Spokane Electric Supply
439 East Columbia, WO 3-4400

Tarpon Electric Supply
45 E. Milwaukee Avenue, TR 4-1000

Escanaba
Morley Murphy Company
400 Ludington Street, 786-4240

Flint
Advance Electric Supply Co.
1011 E. 5th Avenue, CE 5-5611

Grand Rapids
The Electric Supply Co.
100 Grandville SW, 459-8188

Purchase Electric Supply Co.
700 Ottawa Avenue NW, 458-1477

Jackson
Electric Maintenance & Repair Company
340 Chicago Street, ST 4-3131

Kalamazoo
West Michigan Electric Co.
710 Gibson, 343-1667

Lansing
Michigan Electric Supply Co.
1118 S. Washington Avenue, 485-7251

Madison Hts.
Sabin Electric Company
31241 Stephenson Hwy., 588-6444

Monroe
Monroe Electric Supply Co.
840 South Reosier Street, CH 1-6988

Muskegon
Fitzpatrick Electric Supply Co.
Muskegon, Traverse City, Holland
PA 2-6621, WI 8-7762, EX 6-4626

Okemos
Modern Wholesale Electric Supply Company
2143 E. Grand River Avenue, ED 2-6501

Pontiac
Standard Electric Company
175 So. Saginaw Street, FE 2-9261

Saginaw
J. Geo. Fischer & Sons, Inc.
2115 Rust Avenue, PL 2-4182

Standard Electric
406 Meredith Street, PL 3-2127

MINNESOTA

Duluth
Northern Electric Supply Co.
132 East Superior, 722-0551

Mankato
S. M. Supply Company
101 North Second Street, 388-6245

Minneapolis
Gro Mo Sales Company
3753 Cedar Avenue, 721-5744

Industrial Lighting Supply
220 No. 5th Street, 333-4400

Northland Elec. Supply Co.
521 So. 10th Street, FE 2-4481

Sterling Electric Company
44 South 17th Street, FE 2-4571

Terminal Electric Corp.
1201 So. 3rd Street, FE 9-4891

Rochester
K & S Electric Supply
2104 2nd Street S.W., AT 2-3897

S. M. Supply Company
902 Seventh St., N.W.

St. Paul
Blaine Electric Company
188 West Fourth Street, 224-4387

Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co.
Jackson & 2nd Street, Capitol 2-5072

WISCONSIN

Appleton
Moe Northern Company
2415 W. Spencer Street, RE 4-4517

Beloit
Lappin Electric Co.
1462 6th Street, EM 5-3375

Eau Claire
J. H. Larson Electric Co.
402 Water Street, TE 4-3111

Green Bay
Lappin Electric Company
1417 Cedar Street, 437-0281

Morley Murphy Company
200-218 S. Washington Street, 437-4321

La Crosse
W. A. Roosevelt Company
200 No. Front Street, 4-2082

Manitowish
Rahr's Inc. Supply Division
1022 Franklin Street, 684-6656

Milwaukee
Badger Lite Company
2727 N. Teutonia, FR 4-2090

R. J. Bauer Supply Company
1112 N. Water Street, Broadway 1-4792

Electric Supply Corp. of Wisconsin
1223 S. 23 Street, OR 1-1178

Hesco Inc.
575 W. McKinley, BR 1-1005

Lappin Electric Co.
1300 N. 4th Street, BR 6-7878

Neher Company
2488 W. Hopkins, UP 1-5700

Standard Electric Supply
1045 North Fifth Street, Broadway 2-8100

Standard Lamp Company
936 W. Walnut Street, FR 4-3230

Oshkosh
Electrical Contractors Supply
105 Marion Road, 235-0220

Racine
Mitch Interstate Electric Supply Company
2601 Lathrop Avenue, ME 7-4495

Wausau
Morley Murphy Co.
1111 McCleary Street, 842-2061

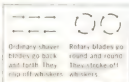
SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GTE



Happy gift for fathers and graduates—the Norelco Comfort Shave

Norelco Speedshavers give them the most comfortable way to shave close and clean. The reason: rotary blades. They go round and round to stroke off whiskers without pinch or pull.

Give your favorite men a gift they'll enjoy daily—the *comfort shave*. The shave only Norelco with rotary blades can give. No other shaving method works on this advanced principle.



Ordinary shaver
pulls or
cuts back
and forth. They
rip off whiskers.

Rotary blades go
round and round
they stroke off
whiskers.

Whirling continuously at 3500 turns a minute, Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers no matter which way they grow. Rotary blades never stop, never change direction as the blades of back-and-forth shavers do. Made of surgical steel, these self-sharpening rotary blades give the *most comfortable* way to shave close and clean, 365 days a year. For years on end.

Don't let your men suffer any longer from the pinch and pull of ordinary shaving. See that they get the *comfort shave now*. It's a gift they'll never forget!



Twin heads swivel to fit face. World-wide use. 110 or 220 volts (AC/DC). New Norelco "floating-head" Speedshaver 750.



Cordless — shaves anywhere. Battery-powered. Zippered case with mirror. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.



Fast "flip-top" cleaning. Latest model of world's best seller. Popular price. New Norelco "flip-top" Speedshaver 20.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Precision pre-shave mirror. First® after-shave lotion. Shower Groomer — electric body shaver. Home Barber kit. Shaver-maintenance kit. Great for children.

Norelco



Shenandoah...

Conservation saved it for you. See it on your way to the New York World's Fair.

When you visit Shenandoah National Park and ride along the breathtaking Skyline Drive over the mountain tops, you will see a peak called Pollock's Knob, named for a man who looked beyond the years.

Thanks to George Freeman Pollock, future generations will see the Blue Ridge Mountains as the Indians and pioneers saw them, blazing with millions of wild flowers, forested with a hundred kind of trees, and watered by some of the clearest trout streams in America.

Pollock first saw Shenandoah's rolling ridges when he was a boy. For fifty years, he worked and fought to save the natural glory of this wilderness. Bit by bit, he bought and set aside mountain scenery. He walked the hillsides with governors, senators, businessmen, conserva-

tists—anyone he could inspire with his dream.

Through his efforts, the Virginia Conservation and Economic Development Commission made a study. Local chambers of commerce helped. So did the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club. Some 24,000 Virginians pledged a million dollars. In 1927, Governor Harry F. Byrd signed a state appropriation for another million. And Shenandoah became *your* National Park.

Since then, our population has increased by 50 million. We need more Shenandoahs. We need more lands for outdoor recreation, so that more of our people will have the opportunity to know Nature's blessings and, through them, find refreshment of body and spirit. Everyone benefits from such conservation. That's why conservation is everyone's job.

Free tour service: If you are driving to the New York World's Fair, let Sinclair help plan your trip to include visits to Shenandoah and other National Parks. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.



A GREAT NAME IN OIL



EXPENSE LOG

\$24.00 Aircraft Rental Club Rate
 35.00 Gas (airplane and boat)
 18.20 Sat. Dinner at Lodge
 6.10 Sun. Breakfast at Lodge
 7.50 Sat. & Sun. Noon Barbecues

\$90.80 Total for 4 — \$22.70 per Person



\$22.70 Kentucky "Junk-It" by Cessna

How much can you do in a weekend for \$22.70 apiece?

Plenty. These two couples scuba dived, fished, barbecued, slept under stars, and wine dined and danced at Kentucky Lake Lodge... and they just sat around.

How do you squeeze in a full weekend like this between a 500-mile round trip?

These people did it. They broke their 100-mile barrier (the distance we think you can drive, and come back, without being exhausted Monday) by flying a Cessna Skyhawk. St. Louis to Kentucky Lake and back.

A normal 10-hour drive. The flight

took 3 hours.

We asked for details and they gave us the expense log and all the pictures above except one. (We took the one of the Cessna over Kentucky Lake to show off our product.)

Of course, not everyone owns a Chinese junk. But many people own something... mountain cabin, old houseboat, something.

Here's a thought. Let a friend supply the junk, cabin, houseboat, etc., and you supply the Cessna. You don't even have to own one. You can join a flying club and get the same low rates these couples did.

What's out beyond your 100-mile

barrier? A lake... a waterfall... or maybe a ski lodge? You'll have to go to find out.

For information on learning to fly and flying club membership, contact your nearby Cessna dealer. Or, write for "Flying Is a Family Affair" or the "Foursome-Plan" on joint ownership, Cessna Aircraft Co., Dept. T4-9, Wichita, Kansas.

CESSNA



Building a home? Let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages first...for the easy way to find everything from "Building Contractors" and "Lumber" to fixtures for the bathroom and cabinets for the kitchen. Read the ads for helpful facts on range of services, brand names, deliveries and other useful information. Always **shop the Yellow Pages way.**





Report from New York hospitals:

IBM computer helps locate rare blood to save lives

IT'S MIDNIGHT in an operating room of a New York City hospital. Surgeons are racing the clock to save a life that's ebbing away.

The hospital's last pint of rare AB negative blood is being exhausted. Where in all of Greater New York can a donor be found to give more?

IBM computer joins the search

Until recently, such emergencies set off a frantic hunt. Phone calls were made to many hospitals and blood banks to locate donors of rare blood types. Often, appeals were made over television and radio. Often, it took too much time.



An IBM computer helps find donors of rare blood for hospitals in the New York area.

Soon, just one call will be necessary.

The New York Blood Center will receive the call, and type out the request for its new IBM computer.

Within seconds, the computer races through its "memory file" of hundreds of donors of rare blood in the New York area. It can quickly locate a donor of AB negative blood who lives near the hospital. He can soon be in the operating room, and a patient's life saved.

Monitoring a city's blood supply

The Blood Center's IBM computer will be doing many other jobs. It will eventually keep track of every available pint

of blood on hand at each of 150 different locations. It will answer demands for 1000 pints of blood each day. It will handle all record-keeping involved.

Is a certain type of blood running low at a certain hospital? The computer will automatically warn the Blood Center.

Is a pint of blood reaching the 21-day limit? The computer will signal the date it could be better used as plasma. It will also keep records to indicate when donors can give blood again.

This one IBM computer can keep constant track of 300,000 pints of blood in the Greater New York area—from donor, to laboratory, to refrigerated

vault, and to patients in 150 hospitals.

Computers don't think. They simply store information and sort facts to help thinking men solve problems. But they do their work at fantastic speed—speed that may someday save the life of someone you know.

Through blood donations, Americans give of themselves to help save lives.

New developments like New York's Blood Center make your donation of blood more meaningful than ever.

IBM®



N. J. Trucker Gets \$391.52 Extra Profit Per Truck With General Dual Super G's

Across the nation, fleet operators are calling General's Dual Super G the "extra profit" tire. Because it delivers extra profit on every kind of rig . . . in every kind of weather . . . on every kind of run.

Ask Lo Biondo Brothers Motor Express, Inc., of Bridgeton, N. J. In July, 1963, ten of their tractors were equipped with 1000 x 20 General Dual Super G tires. Nine months later, they added up the figures.

The Dual Super G's had delivered: Triple the previous original tread mileage . . . a 10% fuel saving

. . . a 4% faster over-the-road schedule . . . for a projected yearly total of \$391.52 (per truck) extra profit to Lo Biondo!

How come? Dual Super G's are a completely new breed of truck tire. With two steel belts built-in to stabilize the tread. With two steel beads to support radial plies of tougher-than-steel Nygen for only one purpose: to build trucker profits, wherever they roll. If you like extra profits, your General Tire Dealer can show you the easy way to get them. With new Dual Super G's.



THE SIGN OF TOMORROW . . . TODAY



Scientists are listening to sounds from the stars



through a satellite built by Westinghouse

Almost all we know about deep space we learned by studying light . . . the faint, flickering light from distant stars. Now, suddenly, a whole new universe is opening up to us through sound from the stars. It comes via a satellite in which the British Government, NASA's Goddard Space

Flight Center and Westinghouse each had a share.

This sound comes from millions of stars which we never knew before, because they emit no light. We couldn't hear them, either, because the earth's atmosphere shut off these noises, but now we can.

The satellite, Ariel II, also tells us how the earth's heat balance affects weather and how micrometeoroids erode space ships.

The British developed the scientific experiments. Westinghouse built the satellite and integrated the system. NASA launched it.

You can be sure if it's Westinghouse





AN OLDSMOBILE JETSTAR 88 RIDES THE DYNAMOMETER

ALL AROUND THE CLOCK ALL AROUND THE CALENDAR ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY ALL AROUND THE CAR

An Oldsmobile Jetstar 88 clips up a hill on our 4,011-acre Proving Ground at Milford, Michigan—on a “road inside the laboratory.” The “road” is a chassis dynamometer, with walls that are treated with 36 inches of glass fiber to absorb 99% of the sound. With a car positioned on it, it can re-create the speed, the load—practically all of the conditions of the open road.

Our engineers use this uncommon combination of room and machine to examine, evaluate, and eliminate car noises that shouldn't be there. Scientifically. Precisely. Under exacting conditions. It's one of the reasons why today's GM cars ride so

smoothly and quietly, even though hundreds of moving parts are working fast and furiously inside.

It's also part of what we mean when we say our cars are “proved all around”: tested this way and that way to know how every part will work for you. In Michigan, at Pikes Peak, in the Arizona desert, on streets and highways coast to coast, we test our cars the long way, the hard way, the right way. On the world's truest proving grounds. Which is why a GM car is so likely to be worth more when you buy it, as you drive it, when you trade it in.

GENERAL MOTORS CARS ARE PROVED ALL AROUND

ON THE WORLD'S TRUEST PROVING GROUNDS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • WITH BODY BY FISHER

LETTERS

Ballot Boxers

Sir: I have heard Goldwater's victory blamed on everything from middle-class selfishness to hostility toward Rockefeller's hubby. Let's admit that a lot of voting citizens believe in a conservative philosophy for the good of the country.

CAROL KASPER

San Francisco

Sir: Surely Goldwater has now demonstrated his tremendous vote-getting abilities even to the satisfaction of those who would love to nominate again the 1964 counterparts of Dewey and Wilkie. Honest Republicans could not support or work for any other nominee should Senator Goldwater be cheated of the nomination.

MARTIN J. SWANSON

New York City

Sir: As a registered Republican, I may find myself without a candidate to nominate in July, and I may find myself without a country in December. Considering Goldwater's ideas on the possible use of atomic bombs in North Viet Nam, his rejection by the British press, and the alarm of the Soviets at his views, to say nothing of the domestic chaos advocated, I'll be voting for a Democrat like my life depended on it—and it may.

ALAN E. BAYER

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir: Senator Goldwater's supporters claim that their candidate is the only one who can give the voters a real choice in November. I suggest that a choice between the President of the U.S. and an irresponsible extremist is no choice at all. The only way the voters can have a real choice is if a moderate Republican is nominated at San Francisco.

JACK B. HARMELL

San Francisco

Sir: Goldwater's victory in California is hardly surprising in a state made up of misfits, political madmen, and a spirit of radical rightism that some describe as a fear hysteria unequalled since the darkest days of McCarthyism. If the American people are herded into electing Goldwater, they will get exactly what they deserve.

WILLIAM LUNCH

San Diego

Sir: It takes a good man to be so strongly opposed by Rockefeller and the big-money interests, Khrushchev and the Communists, U Thant and the internationalists, Senator Javits and the "liberals," Senator Kuchel and the anti-rightists. Votes are being generated for Goldwater by those united in opposition to him.

J. KESNER KAHN

Chicago

Mr. Moses' Fair

Sir: We could not see everything at the World's Fair, and we aren't rich. Your appraisal June 51 gives us some valid priorities—both in time and money.

GLENN E. JACKSON

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Sir: I'm madly in love with the fair—and you captured every bit of every reason in that confidential guide. It was, at the very least, as gay as one full day spent within that square mile of magic!

(MRS.) RUTH G. KLUGE

Ardsley, N.Y.

Sir: It's not a "World's Fair"; it is the "American Fair for the World"—nothing but a beautiful example of how-commercialized and ignorant Americans can be.

SUE SI OGER

Chicago

Sir: Mr. Boris Chaliapin's Fair cover reminds me very much of the movie version of that terrifying but benevolent character, "The Wizard of Oz."

LEONARD E. KORZYKOWSKI

Buffalo

Death of Nehru

Sir: Nehru's recent attempts to find a solution to the Kashmir dispute deserve praise from one and all. As peace-loving human beings, we sincerely hope that Mr. Nehru's successor makes an honest endeavor to continue his efforts to bring permanent peace between Pakistan and India.

(MRS.) ZERUNNESSA RAHMAN

Dacca, Pakistan

Sir: Mr. Nehru's death is undoubtedly a setback to peace. His policy of nonalignment showed to the world that the friend of the U.S. need not be the enemy of the U.S.S.R., and vice versa. The world may have to wait for a long time before another Nehru appears on the world scene.

K. KUMARASWAMI

Kilpauk, Madras, India

Sir: It is sad that even now people in the U.S. consider Nehru's action in Goa as a diversion from his policy of peace and nonviolence. They do not understand that, after patient urging for 14 years, this "prince of peace" had to use force to cleanse the "Indian temple" that had been defiled by colonialists for centuries.

VJANI LALL

Christian Theological Seminary
Indianapolis

Building a Library

Sir: To classify the Kennedy Memorial Library [May 29] as philanthropy is questionable. Countries such as Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Liberia could use their contributions toward alleviating internal problems. To be sure, a library in Boston would be a meaningful endeavor, but perhaps an agriculture or housing project in the above countries would be more of a living memorial to our late President.

JOHN R. WAGGONER

Elizabethtown College
Elizabethtown, Pa.

Sir: Under the heading "business donors," you stated that IBM contributed

\$350,000 and that Continental Air Lines contributed \$100,000 to the John F. Kennedy library fund. Neither of these companies has yet contributed. We hope that they, along with many other corporations in America, will eventually want to support this project.

EUGENE BLACK
Chairman

John F. Kennedy Library, Inc.
New York City

► TIME's source was the "Gifts or Pledges" list kept by the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation in Manhattan.—Ed.

Sir: This corporation has made no contribution to the Kennedy library.

T. J. WATSON JR.
Chairman of the Board

IBM Corp.
New York City

Clarified Prayer

Sir: Many Catholics regret the coming use of the vernacular [May 29]. The Latin prayers sung by priest and choir to music written by masters are too precious to be separated from the ritual itself.

AUDREY WRIGHT

Omaha

Sir: Although many of us are fond of the stately language of our Book of Common Prayer, a large body of opinion exists within the Episcopal Church that would favor changes in that language so as to make it more understandable to the 20th century Christian. The type of language chosen by our Roman Catholic brothers has in many ways shown us the need to update our own forms of worship.

STEPHEN K. JACKSON

Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Mass.

Hopper v. Everybody

Sir: Miss Hopper did not wait until 1963 to write her life story as implied by your writer [May 29], but did so back in 1952 when *From Under My Hat* was first published. Her second volume, *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, was written in 1962 but held up for five months by the publishers. As to the claim that Miss Graham has deposited Miss Hopper as "doyenne" of the Hollywood columnists, this seems to be refuted by the fact that the Hopper feature still has, I believe, the largest circulation of any in its field, boasting some 23 million readers. It appears in most of the largest papers in the largest cities of the U.S.

MOHIE SODIT

Vice President & Manager
Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate
New York City

► Sheila Graham's syndicate claims 30 million readers for her column.—Ed.

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**This is DME. ITT makes it.
Allegheny, American, Braniff, National, Pan Am and Piedmont
use it.**

DME (Distance Measuring Equipment) is an advanced air navigation aid made up of airborne and ground installed equipment. Airborne DME interrogates the ground station and triggers a response signal. The system, automatically and simultaneously, tells up to 100 pilots the distance their aircrafts are from the beacon ground station. It is accurate within a small fraction of a mile for aircraft inside a radius of 300 miles.

ITT ground stations have been ordered by the governments of France, Philippines, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and the U.S.A. to make flying safer over their lands.

ITT System companies have pioneered in the development of navigational aids such as ILS, TACAN, VORTAC, LORAN and OMEGA. ILS (Instrument Landing System) every 30 seconds, somewhere in the world, an aircraft is brought to a safe landing with ILS aid. A radio altimeter is ITT's latest contribution to air safety. Operating independently of barometric pressure, it monitors aircraft rate of descent with amazing accuracy. TACAN, a navigational system proven suitable for high-speed jets, gives both bearing and distance in a single electronic unit. VORTAC (VHF Omni Directional Range plus TACAN): 1,200 VORTAC stations are being integrated into

the nation's common navigational and air control system. LORAN-C: used by U. S. Navy and U. S. Coast Guard for determining exact position of planes and ships. OMEGA: worldwide navigational system requiring fewer than 10 transmitting stations.

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worldwide electronics and telecommunications

ITT



SHOULD WE CHANGE OUR NAME TO STATUS RENT-A-CAR?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, some people hesitate when it comes to paying *less* for a rented car. The minute they see Budget® Rent-A-Car prices they think: *gimmick!* So they take their money to a high priced rental agency. And they feel secure . . . until they get the bill. That's when they wish they'd rented from Budget.

Why not? A Chevrolet Corvair Monza from Budget is just as perky as one from a high priced agency. Our Impala's seats are just as wide as theirs. The insurance is identical. We pick you up at the airport or hotel and make free teletype reservations for you in any city. The price is the big difference: \$5 a day, 5c a mile for our Monza. And our Impala is \$7 a day, 5c a mile. You buy only the gas you use. Yes, there's a gimmick: Budget knows how to keep prices at a minimum. The gimmick works: we are the fastest growing rent-a-car system in the world.

But we *could* grow faster if the status seekers would come to us in the first place. Maybe they will if we change our name. What do you think?



\$5 per 24-hour day, 5¢ per mile

Budget Rent-A-Car, now in its 6th successful year, will consider applications for its franchisees. If we are not in your city, write Mr. Jules Lederer, President, Budget Rent-A-Car Corp. of America, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.

Budget Rent-A-Car Corporation of America—coast-to-coast and in Puerto Rico, Canada and Hawaii. See your yellow pages.

Circle 14 on Reader Service Card

Budget® Rent-A-Car Corporation of America
35 East Wacker Drive
Chicago 1, Illinois

Gentlemen:

☐ Change your name! I can't face the embarrassment of having my friends know how little it costs me to rent a car.

☐ Keep your name! Even if it isn't fancy, it's appropriate. Really smart people always welcome a true bargain.

☐ Status be hanged! Send me a credit card application and be quick about it. There is not a moment to lose!

Name _____

Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



"What do I like best? The little touches. Like a bucket seat that reclines."

If you can't say as much for your car, you ought to speak to a Chrysler dealer.

"From a woman's viewpoint, it's a delightful car to drive. I like the comfort, and the interior fabrics. But what I like most is the power steering. It's so smooth. I have no trouble parking."

"Outstanding ride, great performance. And the mileage I get on regular gas amazes me."

"I've got to have a big car to drive. And Chrysler is the car for me. Solid. Big. Comfortable."

"I drove my Newport 82,000 miles in 10 months. Needed repairs only once—to replace a rear wheel bearing. And my dealer took care of that."



Chrysler 330 2-Door Hardtop

"The five-year/50,000-mile warranty on the engine and power train was enough to get us to change to a Chrysler. The other make we were considering had a warranty on these parts that wasn't even half as long."
(Note: warranty details below.)

"You buy a Chrysler, you get a clean, good-looking car. And you don't find any compacts with the same name."

"I've never driven a big car that held the road or took the curves as well as my New Yorker."

Here's proof that Chrysler is engineered better . . . backed better than any car in its class—read this exclusive 5-year/50,000-mile warranty coverage: Chrysler Corporation confidently warrants all of the following vital parts of its 1964 cars for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material and workmanship will be repaired or replaced at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business without charge for parts, parts or labor. engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission, case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque converter, driveshaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings. **REQUIRED MAINTENANCE:** The following maintenance services are required under the warranty: oil change every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replacement for every second oil change; clean carburetor and filter every 6 months and replace it every two years; and every 6 months (unless otherwise advised at this required service by a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer) and request him to certify receipt of such service and your car's mileage. Simple enough for your important protection.

CHRYSLER: engineered better than any car in its class

CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
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Be sure to watch Bob Hope and the Chrysler Theater. NBC-TV. Friday.



my kind of whisky

the true old-style Kentucky Bourbon

always smoother because it's slow-distilled

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY - 50-PROOF - EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY - LOUISVILLE, KY




Lets cool air through but no peek-a-hoo.

The open weave on this summer dress shirt is like a venetian blind. Lets in every little breeze while it blocks out the view. This airy Arrow lightweight is sheer ounces in weight, yet has the body of a heavy-weight that holds up under a summer's pounding. Its cool cotton fabric has the added coolness of little



or no ironing. Wash it any way, the "Sanforized-Plus" label assures it will keep its smooth-fresh appearance, its slim-tapered fit. A whole variety of garden-fresh colors, like Celery, Strawberry. A wide choice of neat collar styles, like this Glen. \$4.25, half sleeves. \$4.50 in long sleeves. Arrow silk tie, \$2.50.

Wherever you go  you look better in **—ARROW—**

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 12, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 24

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

The Man on the Bandwagon

[See Cover]

In the Royal Suite of Los Angeles' venerable Ambassador Hotel, a man clad only in dark-rimmed glasses and a long white nightshirt with red polka dots sat watching television. On the screen, Richard Dix was battling his way against great odds through a 1941 horse opera called *The Round-Up*. After many a cliffhanging episode, the Good Guys vanquished the Bad Guys, and the Grand Old West once again was made fit for Decent Folks.

Barry Morris Goldwater, 55, was relaxing, almost oblivious of the fact that on that same afternoon last week, more than 2,000,000 California Republicans were making a decision that would weigh heavily on his personal future as well as that of his party and perhaps his country. "I don't worry about it," said Goldwater. "We take what comes. We've done the best we can."

The best was good enough. When the votes were finally counted in California's Republican presidential primary, Goldwater had defeated New York's Nelson Rockefeller by a dime-thin 59,000 votes—1,089,133 (51.3%) to 1,030,180 (48.7%). And with his California victory Goldwater came within handshaking distance of the G.O.P.'s 1964 presidential nomination (see box on p. 33).

The Pollsters. In his effort to achieve that nomination, Goldwater has become the central figure in as classic an American folktale as any horse opera. To his admirers he is the very epitome of the Good Guy, fighting to make the U.S. fit for Decent Folks. To his critics he is the personification of the Bad Guy, shooting first and answering questions afterward. In traveling the California trail, he faced not only a direct shoot-it-out with Rocky, but passed through close-call ambushes from the pollsters and the press, which raised about him an aura of defeat.

Rarely have the pollsters shown to worse effect. Take the case of Lou Harris, who, after missing by a total of 13 points in his prediction that Henry Cabot Lodge would beat Rockefeller in Oregon's May 15 primary, announced that Rocky led Goldwater by 57% to 43% in California. Then Harris be-



GOLDWATER AFTER CALIFORNIA VICTORY:
Over an ambushed trail to a shoot-it-out.

gun having anguished second thoughts. Twenty-four hours before last week's primary, he said that Rocky might get 55% or more. But on the morning of the election, he was less bullish about Rocky, declared, "Goldwater has seized the momentum in the last 24 hours. Dramatic changes now are taking place in California."

One factor that misled the pollsters throughout was the large number of voters who insisted that they were "undecided." Former Congressman Pat Hillings, long a Nixon lieutenant and now a Goldwater leader in California, later explained: "The big undecided vote was not undecided. The undecideds were mostly Goldwater-oriented, but they didn't want to admit it to the pollsters. The opposition succeeded in tying the tin can of extremism to Goldwater's tail, and so a vote for Goldwater was in danger of being considered a vote for extremism. And what respectable Republican businessman wants to be an extremist—much less admit it openly?"

"We in the Goldwater camp felt this. We had trouble getting businessmen to allow their names to be used in ads. They wouldn't come out openly for Goldwater. Many of them wouldn't even contribute money because then their names would be on record. If anyone asked them how they felt, they were undecided. But they voted for Goldwater."

The Press. Part of this tendency to be counted in the polling booth rather than in the polls could be attributed to the attitude of the press. Most major California newspapers opposed Goldwater, including the staunchly Republican Los Angeles Times, which campaigned against him on Page One. Nearly all of the scores of reporters visiting California for the campaign thought that Rockefeller would win, wrote endlessly of the *elan* in his camp and of the pall of gloom hanging over the Gold-

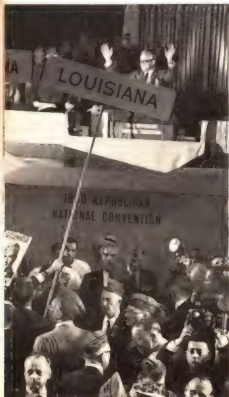
With Daughters Peggy and Wife Margaret at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles.

water forces. Some of this stemmed from the personal political predilections of many of the newsmen. But it was more than that—for, to the reporter who did nothing more than travel around with the candidates, the atmosphere was indeed deceptive.

To these newsmen, Rockefeller's organization seemed a marvel of efficiency. Nothing was left to chance. At every stop on Rocky's itinerary, accommodations for the press were waiting: typewriters, pencils, paper, telegraph facilities, telephones, press releases. Transportation was there when it was needed. So were the hotel rooms. And so was Rockefeller himself, nearly always available to any reporter who wanted to talk to him. Wherever Rocky went, his smooth public relations firm of Spencer-Roberts saw to it that the crowds were there to greet him; in San Jose, for example, Spencer-Roberts rounded up more than 8,000 people who waited six hours just to shake the Governor's hand. Rocky himself seemed to enjoy every smiling, finger-crunching minute of it. He breathed confidence—for the simple reason that he really thought he was going to win.

By contrast, Goldwater's contingent seemed a shambles. The campaign management, directed by onetime Senator William Knowland, was at best unsteady. The schedule underwent constant change. The candidate rarely indulged in more than the most perfunctory chitchat with reporters. Barry shrouded himself in an impenetrable diffidence, acting for all the world like a reluctant dragon slayer. In his public appearances he hardly ever exhibited that electric quality which, for example,

BARRY AT 1960 CONVENTION



helped him hold the 1960 Republican National Convention in thrall. He seemed to stay on the defensive, endlessly trying to answer his enemies' charges that he wanted to sell TVA for a dollar, that he would take the U.S. out of the United Nations, that he would abolish social security, that he had an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger.

Blow followed blow. With their own man not entered in California, Lodge forces threw their support to Rocky; it made minimal difference that Richard Nixon, William Scranton and George Romney later wired their assurances that they were having no part of a Stop Goldwater movement. Dwight Eisenhower came out with his "profile" of the ideal G.O.P. nominee; the hurt was hardly lessened when Ike later denied that he had meant it to be used against Barry. A *Goad Housekeeping* writer said he had been told by Goldwater's wife Peggy that Barry had suffered nervous breakdowns, due to business pressures, twice in the late 1930s. Columnist Drew Pearson picked up the item and with his characteristic kind of punch, raised the question of whether Goldwater was mentally stable enough to be President. Goldwater's longtime physician denied that Barry had ever suffered any such breakdown. Goldwater himself simply pointed to his record as a World War II pilot and his present rank as a major general in the Air Force Reserve. But the doubt had been planted.

All these troubles, and more, sent the Goldwater entourage into a deep slough of despondency. This was what the newsmen accompanying Goldwater saw, and this was what they reported in their predictions of defeat. There was a limited vantage point. What they missed was the fact that while Rockefeller carried his organization around with him, Goldwater's, as masterminded by Los Angeles Attorney Bernard Brennan, was much larger, infinitely more zealous, and was hard at work in almost every precinct in the state.

"Operation Q." That Goldwater organization was a phenomenon. It included a share of the cranks and zanies that Goldwater critics tend to think of as his only supporters. But these were in the minority. In fact, Barry's ranks were peopled by men and women, young and old, in all walks of life, who held in common only one thing: an enormous and uncomplicated faith in Goldwater, and the willingness to work for him as few candidates have been worked for before.

The Goldwater volunteers had been going virtually fulltime since March, when they launched "Operation Q," the effort to secure enough qualifying signatures to get Barry's name on the ballot. So determined were the workers that they greatly surpassed the necessary 14,000 signatures on their petitions, came up with more than 50,000 names before noon on the first day of their drive.



STATE CAMPAIGN CHIEF KNOWLAND
It was better in the precincts.

From that time on, they labored fervidly in the precincts, rounding up new recruits. Near campaign's end, one of these was none other than Mrs. Hannah Nixon, Richard's mother. When Goldwater leaders discovered that she was hustling votes on their behalf, an aide suggested that she be invited to present Mrs. Barry Goldwater with flowers on, say, election eve before the TV cameras. But somehow, 3,000 miles away, Hannah's favorite son learned about the idea, and Mrs. Nixon was soon aboard a plane, headed for a vacation in New York.

The Goldwater drive was concentrated in Southern California, particularly in Los Angeles County, where nearly 40% of the state's Republicans reside. Volunteers swarmed through the county two weeks before the election, asked more than 400,000 G.O.P. voters how they felt about Barry. The response was immensely encouraging, but just to make sure the voters were leveling, the Goldwater workers phoned a number of them, identified themselves as Rockefeller people, and asked if "the Governor can count on your support in the primary." A good 90% held fast to Goldwater.

In the final days, the volunteer organization was expanded. Official sheets of voters' names, supplied by the state, were programmed into computers, and sheets were made listing G.O.P. voters by street, the side of the street, and the house address. "Community Chairmen" handed out cardboard information kits, with detailed maps and names of known Goldwater voters circled in red. The volunteers made at least two complete door-to-door checks on election day to make sure that the voters had gone to the polls.

The Payoff. As the returns poured in that night, it was immediately apparent that the massive Southern California drive had paid off. Rockefeller

CALLING THE ROLL OF DELEGATES

"I do not have this thing sewed up," said Barry Goldwater after his California victory. Perhaps not—but with the Republican Convention in San Francisco just a month away, Goldwater needs

only a few more stitches to tie together the 655 votes needed for the presidential nomination. The probable first-ballot roll call of delegates, as reported by TIME correspondents in all 50 states:

Alabama (20 votes): Goldwater is sure of all 20.

Alaska (12): Give Goldwater a goose egg here, though he could wind up with 2 or 3 of the undecided delegates. There are 6 for Rockefeller, 1 apiece for Lodge, Nixon and Scranton, 3 undecided.

Arizona (16): For the native son.

Arkansas (12): G.O.P. National Committeeman Winthrop Rockefeller may get them all on the first ballot as a favorite son, but if Goldwater really needs them, he can call on 8.

California (86): All Barry's.

Colorado (18): Goldwater has 14 going for him; the rest remain uncommitted.

Connecticut (16): Not yet chosen, though Barry may get at least 2. Rest split among Nixon, Rockefeller and Scranton.

Delaware (12): There may be a first-ballot holding action with all votes going to Senator John J. Williams as favorite son. If not, count 5 for Goldwater, 4 for Scranton, 2 for Nixon, 1 undecided.

Florida (34): Barry may get 21 votes, but put him down for 13 sure ones. As for the rest, 3 are leaning toward Nixon, 18 aren't quite sure which way to jump.

Georgia (24): All but 2 are instructed for Goldwater, and those 2 lean heavily toward him. Make it 24 for Barry.

Hawaii (8): Goldwater likely to get 4, while 4 are undecided or leaning toward more moderate candidates.

Idaho (14): This week's state convention vote should yield 14 for Goldwater.

Illinois (58): Primary Winner Goldwater has bedrock strength of 39, with another 6 leaning heavily toward him. Rockefeller gets 1; the rest are uncommitted.

Indiana (32): Barry's primary victory gives him all 32 on the first ballot.

Iowa (24): Goldwater should get at least 8 here, with another 2 leaning to him but not yet certain. Scranton can count on 5 votes, with 1 leaning to him. The other 8 are undecided.

Kansas (20): A solid dozen for Barry, with anti-Goldwater Governor John Anderson controlling the other 8.

Kentucky (24): Senator Thruston Morton was thinking of entering the convention as a favorite son, but decided against it, so Barry should pick up 13 here. The rest are uncommitted.

Louisiana (20): All Goldwater's.

Maine (14): Favorite Daughter

Margaret Chase Smith gets all on the first ballot. After that, it will split every which way, with at least 2 for Goldwater.

Maryland (20): Barry has 3 solid votes, with 7 leaning toward Rocky. The others don't know or won't say.

Massachusetts (34): Lodge should get 29 on the first ballot, with 5 for Goldwater.

Michigan (48): If Governor George Romney goes in as a favorite son, he will pick up 42 to 46 first-ballot votes with 2 for Goldwater. If Romney frees the delegation on the first ballot, Barry should get at least 15.

Minnesota (26): With 10 delegates yet to be picked, Goldwater already has 6 pledged to him. Another 4 are behind U.S. Congressman Walter Judd, a favorite son; 6 are undecided.

Mississippi (13): All Goldwater.

Missouri (24): Barry has 16 likely votes, with 4 uncommitted, 4 yet to be chosen at this week's state convention.

Montana (14): Goldwater has 12. Nixon may get the other 2.

Nebraska (16): Goldwater picked up all 10 delegates at last week's state convention, to go along with the 5 he won in May's primary. The other one leans to Lodge.

Nevada (6): All for Barry.

New Hampshire (14): Primary Winner Lodge gets all on the first ballot.

New Jersey (40): After California, at least 9 jumped on the Goldwater bandwagon. The rest will head for San Francisco uncommitted, hopeful of playing kingmaker.

New Mexico (14): Rockefeller picked off 4 stragglers, but Goldwater has 10.

New York (92): Native Son Rockefeller did well in last week's balloting for delegates, is certain of 86. Goldwater has at least 2. The remaining 4 are uncommitted but could very well go for Goldwater. Make it only 2 for Barry anyway.

North Carolina (26): Barry has 25 sure votes; may get the 26th.

North Dakota (14): Goldwater has a fairly solid 9, perhaps 11. Scranton has 2. Nixon 1.

Ohio (58): All should go to Favorite Son Governor James Rhodes on first ballot. If Rhodes releases his delegation during the first ballot, Goldwater stands to get at least half of Ohio's votes.

Oklahoma (22): In Barry's pocket.

Oregon (18): Rocky gets all, at least on the first ballot.

Pennsylvania (64): Favorite Son Scranton gets 62 on the first ballot, with 2 for Goldwater. Anywhere from 6 to 12 others should go for Barry after the first ballot.

Rhode Island (14): Governor John Chafee announced for Scranton last week, and all 14 are likely to follow his lead on the first vote. Though Barry could pick up 2 after that, give him a first-ballot blank in the smallest state.

South Carolina (16): Sold on Barry.

South Dakota (14): An uncommitted slate of delegates beat a Goldwater slate in last week's primary, but at least 6 of them aim to vote for Barry anyway, with 2 for Nixon, 6 undecided but probably pro-Goldwater.

Tennessee (28): Barry has bedrock support from 22, with 3 more leaning toward him, and 3 uncommitted.

Texas (56): Pure Goldwater.

Utah (14): Barry seems sure of 9, with 3 leaning to Lodge, 1 to Nixon, 1 undecided.

Vermont (12): Way northeast of Goldwater country. Barry gets 6 delegates, with 2 for Rocky, 1 for Smith, 1 for Scranton, 2 uncommitted.

Virginia (30): Of 18 delegates already chosen, Barry is certain of 17, the other is leaning heavily toward him. Count him for 14, though he will likely end up with 29 or all 30.

Washington (24): At least 22 for Goldwater. If Barry looks like a winner by the time Washington gets to vote, all 24 may hop aboard his bandwagon.

West Virginia (14): Goldwater has 4 solid votes, may get as many as 10. Rocky has 2, with 2 uncommitted.

Wisconsin (30): A first-round courtesy vote for Favorite Son Congressman John Byrnes is in the cards, but a Goldwater stampede could persuade at least 15 delegates to go for Barry on the first ballot.

Wyoming (12): All Goldwater.

District of Columbia (9): Rockefeller should get 5, Goldwater 4.

Puerto Rico (5): All Rockefeller's.

Virgin Islands (3): The works for Rocky.

Thus, by the most conservative possible reckoning, giving Goldwater only those votes committed to him or leaning strongly toward him, he has a minimum of 648 first-ballot votes, with plenty of reserve strength in such states as Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. His rivals trail so far behind as to be almost out of sight: Rockefeller with 139 votes, Scranton with 86, Lodge with 48, Nixon with perhaps a dozen.

forces had hoped to hold Barry to a 100,000 vote margin in Southern California, then more than make up the deficit in the northern part of the state, especially the San Francisco Bay area. But Goldwater took Los Angeles County by 158,000 votes, adjacent Orange County by 49,000 and San Diego County by 16,000.

Rocky could not overcome that lead, and just 22 minutes after the polls in Southern California closed, CBS-TV programmed its vote-analysis computer and declared Goldwater the winner with 53% of the vote. As of that time, the polling places were still open in northern California, and CBS suffered a few bad moments when the later returns began to arrive and showed Rocky closing the gap and even moving ahead. All the while, NBC, locked in hot competition with CBS, quite nervously stuck by its position that the race was close, and refused to name a

no opposition in the form of serious contenders for the nomination. Rockefeller, the only other major avowed candidate, based his whole campaign on the primaries, made little effort to win delegates at state conventions. That left Goldwater confronted only by favorite sons and state leaders who wished to go to San Francisco uncommitted. It was not much of a contest, and while others were making headlines with their primary showings, Barry was simply moving closer to the nomination.

Faced by Fact. Thus California's 86 delegates very nearly put Goldwater over the top, and his handwagon was on the move. His national campaign manager, Phoenix Lawyer Denison Kitchel, predicted after the California victory that the wagon would soon be overflowing. Said New York Public Relations Executive F. Clifton White, another top Goldwater aide: "I can hear those adding machines clicking out

called Barry "not only conservative, but what is more dangerous, a confused and weak man who hides his weakness and uncertainty with fiery speeches." Stockholm's Dagens Nyheter called California "a victory for stupidity and ignorance." The Glasgow Herald said that "Goldwater in the White House would be disastrous. His policies are not merely reactionary, they are (some of them) stupid to a degree that is incredible."

What has Republican Goldwater done and said to arouse such feeling? First of all, he is basically too conservative for the taste of a great majority of important editorialists and commentators. Moreover, he has made some rash statements and taken some reckless stands, only to modify them later. Particularly when talking off the cuff, he is often distressingly imprecise, lending his generalizations to misinterpretation. In some cases, his statements have either been taken out of context or subjected to downright distortion. Just where does Barry Goldwater actually stand on the issues? Items:

- **NATIONAL SECURITY AND FOREIGN POLICY.** Goldwater advocates a strong defense establishment, aligns himself with a foreign policy that matches the Eisenhower-Dulles view. "I think brinkmanship is a pretty good word." In his running fight with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, he does not question the reliability of U.S. missiles once they are in flight; what he does say is that it is not yet known whether silo doors and other such ground mechanisms could withstand attack from an enemy's nuclear weapons.

- **SOUTHEAST ASIA.** "The first thing we've got to do is make the decision that we're going to win in Viet Nam. The supplies of the Communist invaders have got to be cut off. This means threatening or actually interdicting the supply routes from Red China, Laos and Cambodia." Asked recently just how this might be done, he listed several possibilities, including the use of small nuclear weapons to "defoliate" the Vietnamese jungle and deprive Communist guerrillas of their cover. He did not say that he advocated such a step, although that was the impression that his listeners received, and the headlines made it appear a definite Goldwater proposal.

- **UNITED NATIONS.** Asked in 1963 if he would like to see the U.S. get out of the U.N., he replied: "Having seen what the United Nations cannot do, I would have to suggest it." But in California he said, "I don't want to get out of the United Nations. I want to make it better."

- **FOREIGN AID.** Goldwater favors the principle of military aid and technical assistance, but he would halt economic aid.

- **SOVIET UNION.** "I have always favored withdrawing recognition from Russia. I never favored recognition from the



GOLDWATER WORKERS AT VICTORY CELEBRATION

In the ranks, an enormous faith.

winner. In the end it was NBC's less venturesome attitude that gave the viewer a better understanding of how close the race was.

Goldwater's California win was impressive in light of the powerful opposition, but it was about as narrow as a win can be. To some observers it gave further proof that Barry is a poor vote getter. Indeed, his record in this year's previous primaries was unimpressive. He lost to Lodge's write-in candidacy in New Hampshire. He won Illinois, but his only on-the-ballot opponent, Maine's Margaret Chase Smith, got 26% of the vote. He won Indiana, but Harold Stassen, of all people, got 26%. He won Nebraska, but write-ins gave Nixon 31.4%. He all but withdrew from Oregon, leaving Rocky as the only active candidate in the field.

Yet the fact remains that while others were getting the primary votes, Goldwater was getting the delegates in state after state. Why? One answer is that Goldwater's followers, just as in California, were willing to work. Another is that in nonprimary states, Barry had

there in the uncommitted states already. From here on in, we just hit those state conventions and rack up the delegates." Noting that Ohio State G.O.P. Chairman Ray Bliss controls 56 delegates who are prepared to give their first ballot to Favorite Son Governor James Rhodes, another Goldwater staffer said: "If I were Bliss, I'd be adding all this up and thinking that I'd hate like hell to be the last one to come over to Goldwater."

All of which leaves the Republican Party, the nation and the world faced with a probable G.O.P. nominee for President of the U.S. who is one of the most controversial politicians in recent history. The reaction to Goldwater's California victory in the foreign press was nearly hysterical. Said the London Times: "The sight of a major party endorsing and promoting a man so blatantly out of touch with reality, so wild in his foreign policy, so backward in his domestic ideas and so inconsistent in his thinking, would be a serious blow to American prestige abroad." West Germany's Frankfurter Rundschau

start." In January he said that no President could take such a step without the advice and consent of the Senate. Since then, he has agreed that such consultation is not required by the Constitution, but says he would consult anyway. He now holds that that withdrawal of recognition should be used as a "bargaining device" to gain advantages from Russia. "Russia needs us far more than we need Russia. I would look on recognition as a tool to be used in negotiating for such things as free elections in other countries, for negotiating to get the troops and weapons out of Cuba." He still argues that diplomatic relations with the Soviets are of no value to the U.S. because "we don't know any more about Russia now than we did when we established diplomatic relations 30 years ago."

• **SOCIAL SECURITY.** In New Hampshire, Goldwater was asked if he favored continuing or altering the social security system. Replied he: "I would like to suggest one change, that social security be voluntary." Almost everyone agrees that a voluntary social security system would be actuarially unsound, and Goldwater's remark was certainly a factor in his New Hampshire loss. But in California a fortnight ago, he said flatly that he does not advocate making the system voluntary, and insisted that "anyone who says I am against social security lies."

• **CIVIL RIGHTS.** The civil rights bill is "like a three dollar bill—it's a phony," Goldwater opposes the public accommodations and FEPC sections of the pending civil rights bill, says that they are unconstitutional because they infringe on the rights of private property. He believes that "there are too many old laws which aren't even working. And there is this above all, the oldest law of all: you cannot pass a law that will make me like you or you like me. This is something that can only happen in our hearts. This is a problem of the mind, not a problem of the lawyer and

the Senator. If we believe that our rights come to us from God, when the day comes that we act as if we believe in all differences of the white and black and the black and black will be wiped off the face of this nation."

• **INCOME TAX.** Though he once condemned the graduated income tax and suggested instead an across-the-board tax of, say, 10%, he has changed his stand somewhat. "I don't like the progressive features of the income tax," but "we cannot do away with progressive features entirely."

• **AID TO EDUCATION.** He opposes the principle of aid to elementary and secondary public schools, but favors federal aid to colleges.

• **TVA.** He no longer advocates selling the entire TVA to private business, but would sell the steam-generating plants and the fertilizer program that are associated with TVA.

• **JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY.** He refuses to denounce it because "members of the Birch Society have a constitutional right to take the positions they choose, even though I might disagree with them."

"They." In a post-California statement, Goldwater adapted a phrase that Rockefeller had been using about himself, claimed a victory for the "mainstream of Republican thinking." Certainly Barry's ideas flow somewhat to the right of that mainstream. Yet only after California were many leaders of moderate Republicanism, including the G.O.P.'s so-called "kingmakers," finally convinced that their party was likely to nominate for President a man whose views do not represent theirs.

Throughout much of the land, there is almost a mystique about Republican kingmakers, centered mostly in the Northeast and commonly referred to as "they." But so far in the present presidential contest, they have done no noticeable kingmaking. For one thing, they have had the strong feeling that neither John Kennedy nor Lyndon Johnson was likely to be defeated by any Republican. For another, they rather like Lyndon, especially his frugal fiscal positions. For still another, they have tended to underrate Goldwater's volunteer strength and to overrate the possibility that Barry would somehow beat himself.

Perhaps most of all, they have been unable to coalesce behind a single available alternative candidate. Rockefeller, once by far the Republican front runner, probably sacrificed his chances with his remarriage (one school of thought insists that the birth of his son, Nelson Aldrich Jr., just three days before the California primary worked to his disadvantage, reminding voters of his recent marital situation). There has been little enthusiasm for Richard Nixon since he turned out to be a poor loser in the 1962 California gubernatorial race. Despite Cabot Lodge's strong showings in primaries and polls, he is unpopular with many Republicans who feel that he is, in unlikely combination, too aloof



PENNSYLVANIA'S SCRANTON
The one who's left.

and patrician and liberal; indeed, the main effect of Lodge's New Hampshire primary victory this year probably was to divert and delay any concerted effort that anti-Goldwater Republicans might have mounted.

"It's Very Late." By process of elimination, that leaves Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton as the best remaining hope for anti-Goldwater Republicans. Until last week, Scranton was genuinely unwilling to make a move. For months he insisted that he did not want the nomination, would not seek it, and would only reluctantly accept a genuine draft. Despite Scranton's repeated statements, it was behind him that anti-Goldwater Republican leaders late last week tried to rally—and Scranton showed signs of acquiescence. On Saturday, Dwight Eisenhower asked Scranton to visit him in Gettysburg. He urged Scranton to begin taking a "positive" view about the Republican nomination, and Scranton indicated that he would do so. Almost immediately the word was passed by Ohio's Governor Rhodes, attending the National Conference of Governors in Cleveland, that Scranton was willing.

But even if all the Republican leaders who oppose Goldwater were to gather around Scranton, would they be able to stop Barry's handwagon? There is deep doubt that they could. "It would take a superhuman effort," says Maine's Fred Scribner, general counsel to the Republican National Committee. Says General Lucius Clay, an authentic Republican kingmaker: "It's late, very late."

If such an attempt were to be made, it would, if successful, leave the Republican Party in a deeply divided state. Barry Goldwater himself would undoubtedly support Scranton or any other nominee: he has made party loyalty his gospel. But his dedicated followers have gone too far and worked too hard to accept an eleventh-hour defeat. Thus, as the situation stood last week, the G.O.P.'s probable course was to accept Goldwater, rally behind him, and work to influence him toward mainstream positions.



THE MAINSTREAM
OF CALIFORNIA REPUBLICANISM



MURPHY & SHIRLEY TEMPLE (1938)



SALINGER & J.F.K. (1963)

A conflict between the late show and a lucky shirt.

CALIFORNIA

Nomination by Association

Pierre Salinger's entry into California's Democratic Senate primary was late and funny. He filed only two hours before the deadline, then had come-over troubles convincing legal authorities that he was a Californian: after all, he had not lived in the state for nine years, for the past four had been a voter in Harry Byrd's Virginia, and on primary day could not even vote for himself. "Carpetbagger!" cried Pierre's chief opponent, State Controller Alan Cranston. Asked what issues he and Salinger disagreed on, Cranston replied acidly: "The only subject I see at the moment that Mr. Salinger and I could productively debate is his apparent desire to reapportion the U.S. Senate with three seats from Virginia and one from California." Pierre reapportioned the Democratic vote to his side, 1,193,934 to Cranston's 1,051,106.

Memories of Jack. In the crucial final stages of the campaign Salinger got important help from a pair of ladies, Lucretia Engle, wife of popular incumbent Democratic Senator Clair Engle, who was forced to withdraw from the primary after his second brain operation since August, came out for Salinger. And Jackie Kennedy said: "President Kennedy valued his advice and counsel on all major matters."

Salinger's past association as press secretary to Jack Kennedy clearly was his best issue. He constantly recalled the crises through which he had gone with the late President. In the final hours of the campaign, Pierre's people mailed 4,000,000 postcards, each bearing a blue-bordered photo of Kennedy, an italicized caption "In His Tradition," and a sample ballot with an "X" after Salinger. On election night, he made cer-

tain that he wore his lucky pink-and-white-striped election shirt—the same one he had worn for elections ever since Kennedy won the New Hampshire presidential primary in 1960.

Among the primary byproducts were: 1) new prestige for State Assembly Speaker Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, who backed Salinger from the start; 2) a numbing blow to Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown, who had lunged in to support Cranston; and 3) a badly torn Democratic Party. Dismayed by it all, Brown mumbled, "Even though I'm disappointed, I feel good about having such a fine man as Pierre for Senator." Cranston, too, promised he would support Salinger—but added that he would not drop a \$2,000,000 libel suit against Pierre for making the campaign charge that Cranston had put the campaign-fund arm on inheritance-tax appraisers whom he had appointed.

Help from Shirley. In November Salinger will face a Republican who gathered a lot of votes from a somewhat more distant past image. He is filmdom's veteran Song and Dance Man George Murphy, now 61, who is still getting a lot of free TV exposure on late-late shows as, among other things, the charming, marvelously nimble adult dancing partner of a ten-year-old named Shirley Temple. Murphy is a thoroughly respectable candidate, has been a top California Republican figure for a decade, describes himself as a "dynamic conservative," and has refused to embrace publicly either the conservative or the liberal faction of California Republicanism. Said George Murphy of the November elections: "If I win that one, I'll invite Pierre to play the piano and I'll do a little dance."

Chances are, with 1964 looking like a Democratic year in California, that Pierre will end up dancing.

ALABAMA

Scalded

After the Kennedy Administration won its fight to "liberalize" the powerful House of Representatives Rules Committee in 1961, one of its hand-picked new members was Alabama's Democratic Representative Carl Elliott. The appointment gave Elliott, a self-styled "Southern liberal," power and prestige in the House. But in Alabama, where liberals are not very popular, it got him into a lot of hot water. And last week that water boiled over.

Because of failure to reapportion Alabama's districts, candidates for all eight of the state's House seats ran at large. In last week's Democratic primary, Elliott, 51, stood ninth and, after seven House terms, was turned out of office. Just to underline their point, Alabama Democrats nominated Birmingham's former police commissioner, Eugene ("Bull") Connor, an international symbol of segregation, for the presidency of the utility-regulating state public service commission.

NEW YORK

And the Big Name Is Wagner

At 11:40 p.m., less than two hours after the polls closed, Bronx Democratic Boss Charles Buckley, 73, walked scowling from a back door of the decrepit office building that houses his headquarters. Two reporters met him with questions. "Get the hell outta the way," snarled a Buckley henchman. Those words were downright kindly compared with Buckley's own profanity. After 30 years as Congressman from New York's 23rd District, during which he rose to the chairmanship of the pork-barreling House Public Works Committee, Buckley had just been beaten in his party's primary by a political dupe named Jonathan Brewster Bingham.

For eleven years, grumpy Charlie had ramrodded the Bronx Democratic machine he inherited from Franklin D. Roosevelt's old friend, Boss Ed Flynn. Both in The Bronx and in the House,



BOBBY WITH BUCKLEY

A snarl, a scowl...

Buckley was in position to do a lot of favors for a lot of important Democrats. President Kennedy went out of his way to praise Buckley publicly. President Johnson supported him with a warmly worded letter in his fight against Bingham. Robert Kennedy spoke in New York on behalf of his re-election.

Who's a Stiff? Buckley contemptuously dismissed Reform Challenger Bingham, 50, as a "punk" and a "big stiff." At one point, he chortled, "Jonathan—now what kind of a name is that for The Bronx? And look at his middle name—Brewster—isn't that pathetic?" Bingham indeed seemed out of place in The Bronx, which in considerable part is a low-income land of garment workers and small shopkeepers, of tenements and Bronx cheer. A slim, silver-haired, impeccably tailored product of Groton and Yale, Bingham has been for the past three years a U.S. representative to the United Nations.

But Bingham also had something to talk about. He attacked Buckley's notable record of House absenteeism (present for only 34% of House roll calls last year), charged him with padding his House committee payroll to pay personal political aides. Each day Bingham strode through Bronx streets, shaking hands and making impromptu speeches, often accompanied by his grey poodle, named Yankee Poodle, who wore a sign, "Underdogs for Bingham." At campaign's end he came as close as he ever did to language that Charlie Buckley might really understand when he told a group of campaign workers: "If the ladies will excuse me, we fought like hell." He won 26,000 to 22,000.

Measure of Influence. Two other machine men were stopped in New York last week. In the 21st Congressional District, Chief Buckley Lieutenant and five-term Representative James C. Healey lost 20,000 to 22,000 to Reformers James H. Scheuer. In Greenwich Village, onetime Tammany Hall Boss Carmine De Sapio lost a second bid to regain his district leadership to Attorney Edward I. Koch in a 5,904 to 5,740 vote. In one exception, however, 19th

District Congressman Leonard Farbstein, an oldtime Tammany politician, turned back reform Challenger William Haddad, 35, with 19,851 votes to Haddad's 16,700.

All four victories were shared by one man—New York's Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner. Wagner came out publicly for Farbstein, the only Tammany type the mayor chose to support. The mayor endorsed both Bingham and Scheuer, has long fought to keep Tammany Tiger De Sapio from power. His decision to back Bingham despite the Administration's endorsement of Buckley probably won Wagner no presidential good will. But the outcome certainly increased his stature in and influence over the New York Democratic Party.

ILLINOIS

With the Courage to Purge

What a mess! Required by constitutional amendment to redraw Illinois' political districts, the state legislature fussed and fought, finally had the only redistricting bill that it did pass vetoed by Democratic Governor Otto Kerner. Result: this year candidates for all 177 seats in the Illinois assembly must run in a statewide, at-large election. Moreover, a Republican-Democratic agreement since regularized by law prohibits either party from nominating more than 118 candidates—amounting precisely to a two-thirds assembly majority.

Confusing? Worse than that. Chaotic. But in that chaos, former Bell & Howell Board Chairman Charles Percy, 44, the G.O.P. nominee for Governor against Kerner, saw opportunity. He reached for it in a fashion that should disprove the notion that youthful, well-scrubbed, idealistic Chuck Percy is more an Eagle Scout than a tough politician.

The West Side Bloc. The situation was this: for years, the balance of power in the closely divided Illinois assembly has been held by a handful of nominal Republicans, most of them coming from Cook County and, for the sake of re-election, more than willing to play footsie with Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine. It was with the help of this group that in 1961 the assembly, although it had a narrow Republican majority, nonetheless elected a Democratic speaker. The so-called "West Side bloc" also gave the state Republican Party a bad image by standing steadfastly against such reforms as anti-gambling legislation.

Since the Illinois ballot will be on paper, not machines, and since it will be long and complicated, there is every chance that a vast majority of citizens will save themselves trouble by voting straight tickets. Thus Percy spotted a chance not only to enhance his own candidacy but to end up as Governor with a genuine Republican assembly by cleansing the G.O.P. slate of West Side bloc leaders. And that is what he set out to do. "We have a special problem



ILLINOIS: MURPHY WITH PERCY
A purge in the dance hall.

in Illinois that beclouds our reputation and helps keep Republicans at home," he said. "I mean the West Side bloc. Here are men holding important positions within our party who always stand against any law that will fight organized crime effectively or that will enable us to reform our election laws to help prevent vote fraud."

Better to Belong To. Marked for purge were six men, including Assembly Majority Leader "Bingo Bill" Murphy and Assembly Appropriations Committee Chairman Peter Granata. Put on Percy's slate were such men as Dwight Eisenhower's brother Earl, 66, the public relations director of a suburban Chicago newspaper chain, which insisted that he resign his job to make the race; onetime Chicago Daily News Reporter and Scandal Sleuth George Thiem, and former TV Weatherman Clint Young.

At last week's state convention, held in the Springfield Elks Club, Percy resolutely pushed through his purge, starting coldly into space when Murphy came to whisper in his ear. The six purges belated their protests from the convention podium. Cried Granata: "Where have you ever witnessed such dictatorship and bossism as you are witnessing today, except in Russia?" Purgee Robert Austin, noting that all those on Percy's blacklist were Catholics, claimed the whole thing was anti-Catholic. One "Babe" McAvoy pointed a finger at Percy and said: "If you are elected, you will have a Georgia chain gang legislature and you'll be the man holding the whip."

All the while, Chuck Percy sat smiling benignly. He had the votes and he knew it. Of the first 28 delegates to vote, 27 went for Percy's slate, whereupon two of the purgees withdrew and the rest were plainly finished. In his victory, Percy may have suffered some slight attrition around Cook County. But the Illinois G.O.P. was plainly a better party to belong to.



WAGNER WITH BINGHAM

...and much to talk about.

THE PRESIDENCY

That's Quite a Platform

The Republicans may, and probably will have a furious fight over their platform. But there is no doubt about what the Democrats' will be: President Lyndon Johnson standing foursquare for all things for all men.

Unity. As commencement speaker at the University of Texas, he was, for one thing, the Great Moderator. Said he: "It is one of the great tasks of political leadership to make our people aware that they share a fundamental unity of interest, purpose and belief. On the basis of this unity, I intend to try and achieve a broad national consensus which can end obstruction and paralysis

under arms. In every area of national strength, America today is stronger than it has ever been before. It is stronger than the combined might of all the nations in the history of the world."

Peace. A few hours later, at a nuclear submarine keel-laying in nearby Groton, Conn., Johnson was the Great Peace Seeker, warning against the rash use of military might. In an obvious crack at his probable November opponent, Barry Goldwater, Johnson said: "Those who would answer every problem with nuclear weapons display not bravery but bravado, not wisdom but a wanton disregard for the survival of the world and the future of the race."

Friendship. Then too, there was the Friend of All Cultures. Two weeks ago

passion will roll on through 1964 and we believe well into 1965."

Poverty. Finally, Johnson flew to New York to address the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union on the 50th anniversary of its Health Center and became the Defender of the Down-trodden and the Crusader Against Poverty. Said he: "We will help the underprivileged and the underpaid by extending minimum wage and unemployment compensation. We have mounted an attack upon the final fortresses of poverty. We will continue the hundred years' struggle to give every American—of every race and color—equal opportunity in American society."

RACES

Terror on the Trains

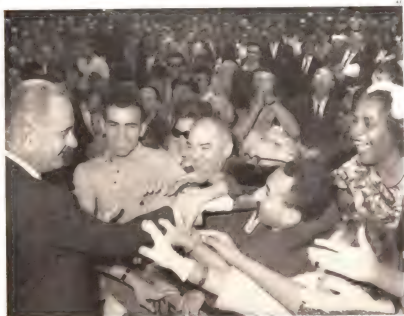
Nicholas Philippides, 54, a bespectacled little Greek immigrant who runs a restaurant in Brooklyn, wearily boarded an IND subway train at the Stilwell Avenue stop near Coney Island amusement park. It was 2 a.m., and Nick was there because he had been helping a friend run a hot-dog stand at the park.

The train pulled out, and over the rumble of wheels Philippides heard scuffling and shouting as a score of Negro boys ran from car to car, smashing lights, roughing up passengers. Nick sat tight. One young marauder gashed a leg while kicking out a window, and his pals tended to the wound as he lay in the aisle near Nick Philippides. Through Nick's mind flashed the advice his father gave him in Greece years ago: "If someone wants to eat with you, sit down and eat with them. But if someone wants to fight with you, move away."

But Nick didn't dare move. He sat paralyzed with fear. Only when the train slowed for his stop at Kings Highway station did he get up. And then, before the car doors opened, the gang began beating him, knocking off and splintering his glasses. They finally left him on the station platform with his wallet, containing \$97, missing, his trousers nearly ripped off, his shirt covered with blood, his face a pulpy, puffy mass of blood and bruises.

At the station, the gang raged on, beat up another man, slugged 16-year-old Howard Weiner unconscious with a bottle, then pummeled him unmercifully. Suddenly a young Negro bystander shouted, "The police are coming!" The boy who shouted, an 18-year-old Mississippian newly arrived in New York and identified by police only as "Larry," was simply trying to help Weiner by scaring away the gang. Later Larry said bitterly: "I'm scared of my life up here in New York. It's safer in Mississippi." In any event, his ruse worked and the gang fled. A dozen of them were arrested afterward and charged with crimes ranging from malicious mischief to assault and robbery.

Nightmarish though it was, the experience of Nick Philippides and Howard Weiner took on its real significance



JOHNSON HANDSHAKING ALONG MANHATTAN'S SEVENTH AVENUE
Also Commander, Crusader, and Architect of Prosperity.

and liberate the energies of the nation for the work of the future."

Might. In New London, Conn., before the graduating class of the Coast Guard Academy, he was the tough-talking Commander in Chief. The U.S., he said, possesses a military power against which "the combined destructive power of every battle ever fought by man is like a firecracker thrown against the sun. We have now more than 1,000 fully armed ICBMs and Polaris missiles ready for retaliation. The Soviet Union has far fewer and none ready to be launched beneath the seas. We have more than 1,100 strategic bombers, many of which are equipped with air-to-surface and decoy missiles to help them reach almost any target. In the past three years we have raised the number of combat-ready divisions by 45%. They can be moved swiftly around the world by an airlift capacity which has increased 75%. We, and our NATO allies, now have 5,000,000 men

Johnson entertained Ireland's President Eamon de Valera. Last week he became the first U.S. President to receive officially an Israeli chief of state, Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, 68, whom Johnson entertained with a state dinner and Bach music by Violinist Mischa Elman, 73, and by the Parisian Swingle Singers, who perform their Bach with a modern beat. Said Johnson in an accolade to Eshkol: "We are very much alike. We are both farmers." Two months ago he had received an Arab potentate, Jordan's King Hussein. Now came a new Arab Moslem, Iran's Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and his Empress Farah Diba, to whom Johnson gave cowboy suits for their three-year-old son and one-year-old daughter.

Prosperity. On the home front, he was the Architect of Prosperity. Boasted Johnson at a White House press conference: "Our record economic expansion, which entered its 40th month yesterday, is showing new vitality. The ex-



DESIGNS BY CONVAIR



BY LOCKHEED
A cross between tortoise and hare.



BY MARTIN

as part of a bigger pattern—a wave of terrorism on the trains. Within 96 hours of the Kings Highway station outbreak, these incidents also took place:

► Five Negroes crowded around Michael Sadev, 17, on a Manhattan express train, demanded his money, insisted he play his transistor radio for them. When Sadev refused, one punk stabbed him in the shoulder while dozens of other commuters watched—apparently afraid to intervene. All of the Negroes were arrested, but they were released in custody of their parents because they were juveniles and Sadev refused to press charges.

► Four young Negroes, one swinging a meat cleaver, ranged through the cars, terrorizing passengers on a Brooklyn train. Finally, one yanked open the door of Motorman George Dautenheimer's cab, held the cleaver at his neck and snarled, "Are you black or white?" Dautenheimer said, "I'm white." The Negro shouted, "I'm just going to cut your head off." But when Dautenheimer stopped the train, the hoodlums jumped off. When they tried to break into a change booth, they were arrested and jailed by subway police.

► A Negro walked up to Ismael Velez, 42, in a Manhattan subway station,

plunged a knife into Velez's chest and left without a word. Velez lived, but could not identify his assailant.

As the subway savagery mounted, New Yorkers—millions of them totally dependent on subways for transportation—began to feel desperate. Adding to their fear was a chilling slogan—"White Man, Your Time Is Up"—scrawled on subway station walls. Civil rights leaders and police insisted it was not a campaign organized by racist Negroes. N.A.A.C.P. President Roy Wilkins declared that subway terrorists did not attack from "purely racial motivations," but he added: "Part of the context in which these Negro delinquents are bred is indeed bitterness and frustration, which all Negroes feel at the continued denial of equal opportunity everywhere and at the unpunished beatings and killings of Negroes, which continue to feature the civil rights theme in the Deep South." At midweek, New York's Mayor Robert Wagner said grimly, "I am determined that we're going to have law and order in our subways." He announced that 200 Transit Authority policemen would go on daily overtime duty in subways, another 500 regular New York cops would do the same on the streets above, and all of the city's 20,000 patrolmen—most of whom travel to and from work on subways—would commute armed and in uniform from now on.

Just hours after Wagner's beefed-up subway force went on duty, a Negro pulled a knife and slashed it across the face of Cab Driver Henry Feist, 64, as he rode a Brooklyn train. The man was arrested and held on assault charges. But Nick Philippides, his face still swollen and battered, now spoke for a whole city when he said: "Of course I'll have to take the subway. I have no car, and I have to work for a living. But I'll be afraid."

ARMED FORCES

A Hot COIN

As the world's mightiest military power thrashes about for ways to subdue the light-footed Communist guerrillas in South Viet Nam, more effective use of aircraft often seems the obvious answer. But the supersonic jet is too swift for efficient coordination with jungle-bound ground troops, the helicopter

sometimes too slow and vulnerable. Now U.S. Navy officials believe they have found a potential solution in coins (for counter-insurgency), a "flying squad car."

The coin's project was first suggested in December 1962 by Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's office, which gave it to the Navy for administrative development. The Navy came up with some stiff specifications for such a plane. It must have a top speed of 316 m.p.h., be able to linger over a target for two hours, clear a 50-ft. barrier on takeoff within 800 ft. of its starting point, operate out of sod fields, off gravel roads and, when equipped with pontoons, from water. It would require two engines so that it could still fly if one were knocked out. Finally, it must be able to carry up to six paratroopers, two crew members, four machine guns and four conventional bombs.

Nine manufacturers have submitted ingenious proposals for doing the job. The Martin design utilizes hot engine gases flowing past a V-shaped tail to keep the tail high even at 28 m.p.h. General Dynamics proposed a detachable pod for carrying the soldiers. Lockheed features a more conventional fuselage, but its high wings are detachable so the craft can be transported in cargo planes. Most of the firms, however, could not meet the original cost goal of a \$100,000 aircraft, figured the cost above \$200,000. And once a manufacturer is selected, it will take up to five years to get the plane operational.

The whole project will soon be back on McNamara's desk for a decision on whether to proceed. Already he has questioned whether a coin's cost is justified by its advantages over the modified Navy Skyraider propeller planes now being assigned to Viet Nam. He also must consider whether there will be a need for coin-type aircraft five years from now. On the other hand, there is a rising clamor in the Congress for new and decisive action against the Viet Cong. Thus, while coin at the moment is a hot topic mainly in the aircraft industry and in the military services, it could easily blow up into a big national debate.



NEW YORK SUBWAY GANG AFTER ARRESTS
"White Man, Your Time Is Up."

THE WORLD

INDIA

After Nehru

The man chosen last week to command one-seventh of the world's people has a turkey neck, a smudgy mustache, and an expression of ineffable meekness. It is a little misleading, insists Lal Bahadur Shastri, the new Prime Minister of India. "I am not as simple as I look."

Nothing is simple in India, including Shastri's unanimous election. He was the clear choice of the country's three kingmakers, 1) Congress Party President Kamaraj Nadar, who controls four south Indian states, 2) Atulya Ghosh, boss of eastern India, and 3) Bombay's S. K. Patil, who personally directs some 100 of the 537 Congress Party M.P.s. All three closed ranks behind Shastri as the man most capable of bringing "unity" to the nation. And all three opposed the only other candidate, conservative, autocratic Morarji Desai, the former Finance Minister, who was supported by rightists, leftists and untouchables. On tree-shaded Delhi lawns and in air-conditioned bungalows, the kingmakers argued that a man like Desai might start quarrels at home and be too intransigent abroad. For India's sake they begged that the new Prime Minister be elected unanimously.

Once he was sure of a majority, Patil went to Desai's bungalow, sat beside him on the floor and asked him to withdraw from the race. Desai finally agreed, conceding, "It would hurt some to have an election contest. It is better that I am hurt than others."

Typically, Shastri had stayed aloof from all the politicking. Next morning, he rose early, had a modest breakfast with his family. He was the last to reach Parliament, where the other Congress Party members were already gathered beneath the high dome of the central hall. In a soft, reedy voice, tiny (5 ft., 112 lbs.) Shastri promised to carry on Nehru's work. Then he drove to the Jumna River to pray at the site where Nehru had been cremated.

Into the Ganges. Though Nehru's will had specifically requested no religious ceremonies after his death (Nehru was an avowed agnostic), his daughter Indira Gandhi had ordered the funeral performed with full Hindu religious customs and traditions. Nehru also had asked that a handful of his ashes be thrown into the holy Ganges River at Allahabad, his birthplace, not for religious reasons but because "the Ganges especially is the river of India, beloved of her people . . . running into the present and flowing on to the great ocean of the future." The remainder of



SHASTRI ELECTED

his ashes, according to Nehru's wish, will be scattered from an airplane "so that they might mingle with the dust and soil of India and become an indistinguishable part of India."

When Nehru suffered his first stroke, he called on Shastri to take over as deputy prime minister. The new leader insists he was not especially marked for succession, and during Nehru's illness told newsmen, "If the Prime Minister has something in his mind, he has not informed me of it." What, then, focused attention on Shastri? His personal honesty, for one thing, and his deftness at conciliation for another. A secret gov-

A MAN OF SILK & STEEL

FREELY translated, Lal Bahadur Shastri means "Graduate Brave Jewel." He was born in 1904, the second son of a minor tax collector in the village of Mughal Sarai, near the holy city of Benares. His father died when he was an infant. The child belonged to the Kayasth caste, who were disdained as quislings by other Hindus because they became clerks and officials under the Moslem rule of the conquering Mogul emperors. Their reputation for shrewdness is so great that an Indian saying runs, "If you meet a Kayasth and a serpent, kill the Kayasth first."

Lal Bahadur showed little of his caste's supposed brilliance, although he cared enough about an education to walk eight miles a day to school, sometimes taking a short cut by swimming the Ganges River, carefully strapping his books to his head before entering the water. He made his first total commitment at 16, when Mahatma Gandhi spoke to students in Benares. From Gandhi, says Shastri, "I learned of the moral aspect of life—to serve your country without love of power and authority, if possible." To fight for freedom, the lad quit high school three months before he was due to graduate, and, in all, was arrested eight times by

the British, serving a total of nine years in jail. In 1932, when police refused to let Indian nationalists hoist their flag on the clock tower of Allahabad, he rode by in a cart, disguised in the veils of a Moslem woman, suddenly leaped off and sprinted up the tower stairs, raising the flag before the police could stop him.

Repaid Loyalty. In his home state of Uttar Pradesh, India's most populous and the birthplace of Jawaharlal Nehru, Shastri became the protégé of the Hindu traditionalist leaders, Purushottamdas Tandon and Pandit Pant. With independence in 1947, he rose through the state government to become Home Minister of Uttar Pradesh. When Prime Minister Nehru broke with the conservatives in 1951, Shastri abandoned one preceptor, Tandon, to join the other, Pandit Pant, in supporting Nehru. From that moment Lal Bahadur Shastri never left Nehru's side, and the grateful Prime Minister repaid the loyalty with a succession of Cabinet jobs.

In a nation where politicians affect superior airs, Shastri is modest and retiring. Among a people given to rhetoric and ritual, he is concrete and practical. In a land reverencing charismatic lead-

ership and far-reaching intellect, he looks like a messenger boy and disparages his own brain. Above all, he is reassuringly rational. Though he fights corruption, he does so with intelligence and compassion, well aware that badly paid public servants will invariably be tempted by bribes.

In foreign affairs, Shastri may seem provincial, since he has only once been beyond India's borders, and then only to neighboring Nepal. In a nation so divided by religion, language and regionalism, his great strength is his ability to bring people together. When a volatile language dispute broke out in Assam, Lal Bahadur quietly worked out a settlement. When the Sikhs campaigned for a separate state, Shastri was able to talk the Sikh leader out of a planned fast unto death. "I listen to different viewpoints. I have the capacity to understand them. I keep an open mind." As Home Minister, he noted: "Although I am a mediocre, yet I find that a mediocre like me is able to produce something new and original, not in a very high sense, but whatever new things are suggested in the Ministry, well, they generally come from me, and the officers who are far, far abler than myself go on with their routine way of



SHASTRI ON BADMINTON COURT

Out of mediocrity, something new and original.



SHASTRI AT YOGA

ernment poll revealed that Lal Bahadur, next to Nehru, was the best-liked, best-known figure in India.

Under the Maulshree. After his acceptance speech, Shastri returned to his bungalow and submitted to his first press conference, sitting at a desk beneath a spreading, white-blossomed *maulshree* tree. He was amiable but hardly informative. Would he follow the same principles as Nehru in forming a Cabinet? Shastri blinked, asked slyly, "What was his approach, the late Prime Minister?" Would he engage in peace talks with China about the disputed Himalayan border? "Let me be

in office a few days before I answer that."

In office Shastri would immediately have to start thinking about the hard business of running a government. As he huddled with advisers on the make-up of his new Cabinet, it seemed likely that the Foreign Ministry might go to Indira Gandhi, while the defeated Desai was almost certain to be offered a portfolio, even if not the top one he demands. Another likely minister: S. K. Patil.

Perhaps the most accurate prediction was made by Shastri's 85-year-old uncle, Ram Pershad. Gazing at his newly eminent nephew, Ram Pershad said, "Yes, he is now Prime Minister, and now he has just created a thousand enemies."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

Something Happened to the Crisis

In the sparkling sunshine of a Hawaii morning, a stream of limousines purred up to a yellow concrete building overlooking Pearl Harbor. Central Intelligence Agency Director John McCone alighted from one and hurried inside. Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman General Maxwell Taylor emerged from another. Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, both in slacks and open shirts, arrived together, were greeted under the portico by Pacific Commander Harry Felt. Last to arrive, 20 minutes late, was U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam Henry Cabot Lodge, natty in an olive suit.

What brought all the brass to Hawaii's Camp Smith, named for retired Marine General Holland M. ("Howling Mad") Smith, was a two-day conference on the deteriorating U.S. position in Southeast Asia. The meetings got under way in a top-secret briefing room that rivaled the war room in *Dr. Strangelove*. There were flashing lights, whirling projectors and 9-ft.-high maps bristling with red pins. On one wall was an 18-ft. by 30-ft. colored map of Southeast Asia. On another, facing a semicircular table at which the key conferees sat, were multicolored lights positioning every vessel in the U.S. Pacific

fleet and maps pinpointing Viet Cong supply areas, Soviet and Red Chinese ships and munitions dumps, and other strategic targets.

No Plans. It was the ideal setting for a crisis-atmosphere conference. But the conference was barely under way before it took on a non-crisis air. In Laos, the Red Pathet Lao had momentarily halted their drive, in some areas were even pulling back—though at week's end, after the Hawaii conference broke up, they were beginning to shoot again. In South Viet Nam, the number of attacks launched by the Viet Cong guerrillas had suddenly dipped sharply.

Desperately anxious to avoid having to make painful election-year decisions involving war or peace, the Johnson Administration seized on the respite offered by the Reds and began softening its tough talk about intensifying the war in South Viet Nam or extending it to North Viet Nam. After Wisconsin's Republican Congressman Melvin Laird told a radio audience that "the Johnson Administration's position is to move north, and we are prepared to move north," the President told a news conference: "I know of no plans that have been made to that effect." Laird stuck to his guns, but in Hawaii, Rusk, McNamara & Co. sought to downplay talk of any bold new measures.

Routine. As a result, what had been shaping up as a grim meeting designed to chart a potentially risky new course in Southeast Asia suddenly turned into a routine conference on the war in South Viet Nam—the 14th such meeting in Hawaii since December 1961. At a working lunch, the VIPs brought swimming trunks to the Navy Officers' Club on shimmering Keelii Lagoon, left their "classified" folders on the tables while they enjoyed a quick dip. Lieut. General William Westmoreland, the newly designated U.S. military chief in Saigon, gave a virtuoso display on one water ski. During off-hours, Rusk and McNamara relaxed at Felt's flower-decked Makalapa Guest House, while Lodge could be seen sipping coffee in splendid isolation at Waikiki Beach's Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The routine meeting also yielded some routine decisions. "Essentially," said one official, "we were talking about how to do what we're doing better." About the only suggestion of any consequence to come out of it was that the U.S. send a team of perhaps 20 or 30 officials to South Viet Nam to make sure, in the words of one official, that economic aid "gets where it's supposed to go, and not to a bank in Geneva."

Yet the U.S. could not go on indefinitely letting Hanoi call the shots in South Viet Nam. For all the soothing qualities of the lull, Lyndon Johnson might soon be faced with the need to win Congress over to a plan for putting new pressure on North Viet Nam—something short of bombing Hanoi or outright invasion, but something far more convincing than the conference offensive conducted so far.

thinking and, perhaps, their routine way of working."

Grumbling Friend. Shastri is close to his country's mind and soil. He is one of the few Congress politicians not to have amassed a large fortune or property or donations from wealthy businessmen. He has no auto, would prefer to stay on in his tiny bungalow, and still gives part of his salary to the Servants of the People Society, a group devoted to public service with whom he worked as a young man.

Shastri usually rises at 5 a.m. By then his lawn is crowded with audience-seekers. When he emerges, he selects one and then another to join him in a stroll around the garden, thus combining interviews with his constitutional. He stays in his office until ten or eleven at night. Since a 1959 heart attack, Shastri has appeared to be in excellent health, and as tireless and alert as ever.

Whether India's new leader or anyone, can cope with the nation's manifold problems at home and its external dangers, especially from Red China, cannot be foreseen. Shastri, at least, can be depended on to expend his life willingly, if necessary. As a top Indian leader said last week, "After Nehru, we had no giant. So we turned to a man more like Gandhi, with the softness of silk and yet the hardness of steel."



COPS & RIOTERS IN PUSAN
With rice skyrocketing, a refusal to Park.

SOUTH KOREA

After the Shadow

Marking the third anniversary of his military takeover in South Korea, General Chung Hee Park confessed last month that he was sorry about how things had worked out thus far. He admitted that the coup's objectives—prosperity, solving the food shortage, arresting inflation, halting corruption—had not yet been achieved, added mournfully, "I sorely regret this." Last week, after two months of growing unrest, Park was joined in his regret by thousands of rioting students.

Park's list of failures was accurate enough. Corruption and speculation are rampant, the price of rice has skyrocketed 150% in the past 15 months, and mounting unemployment now stands at 2,500,000—more than 10% of the population. Sporadic student demonstrations began in March, ostensibly protesting Park's conditions for "normalizing" relations with Japan, then turned on the government in general.

In a scene reminiscent of the last days of Syngman Rhee, some 12,000 placard-carrying students, cheered on by thousands of adults, marched in drizzling rain down Seoul's Capitol Avenue one day last week, crying "Drive Park out!" and "People are hungry! Let us eat profiteering millionaires!" Outnumbered police opened up with tear gas; the rioters replied with rock barrages, broke through police lines and drove off nine army trucks being used as barricades. The screaming, cursing clashes lasted all day and into the night, left

South Korea has long demanded heavy indemnification for its 35 years of occupation by Japan from 1910 to 1945; now the government is considering a Japanese offer of a \$600 million reparations package, previously dismissed in Seoul as inadequate, and a compromise on fishing rights.

scores of injured littering the wet pavement. Clamping on martial law in the capital, President Park ordered in thousands of army troops. The following day new riots erupted in twelve other cities; in Pusan, students fought the police for hours; in Kwangju, 165 miles south of the capital, 6,000 students sacked the provincial headquarters.

Hoping to disperse the rioters, Park ordered all colleges and universities closed until July 4, which is one day before the regular summer holiday begins. Then, as an appeasing gesture, Park reluctantly fired his top collaborator, Kim Chong Pil, Park's nephew by marriage and head of Park's Democratic-Republican Party. Kim is hated by the students because of the ruthless way he once ran Park's Central Intelligence Agency and because he has been instrumental in the controversial negotiations with Japan. Kim is fond of saying, "I am nothing but a shadow of the President." Would the man who casts the shadow be the mob's next victim?

FRANCE

Détente Cordiale?

Charles de Gaulle, who in private conversation once described President Kennedy as an "adversary," has been getting along no better with the Johnson Administration. From NATO to the U.S., Latin America to Red China, there is hardly an issue or an area in world politics on which France has not taken a stand at variance with U.S. policy. The activities of some French officials in Southeast Asia often lead exasperated U.S. diplomats stationed there to wonder if France is not actually trying to thwart U.S. efforts to keep the area from falling to the Communists.

Cordial Cooperation, Paris is apparently awakening to the dangers of its widening policy differences with Washing-

ton. De Gaulle is said to have decided that it is time to switch to a more harmonious tone in his relations with the U.S.—not only because disharmony weakens the West, but also because he hopes thereby to lessen U.S. resistance to his vision of a French-dominated confederation of European states. When President Johnson recently proposed that U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball go to Paris to review the Administration's latest plans for military and diplomatic resistance to Communist encroachment in Southeast Asia, De Gaulle was a model of cordial cooperation. He did not quibble at the fact that Ball was of less than Cabinet rank, nor did he demand to know in advance precisely what Ball wanted to talk about. Then word came from Paris that longtime Ambassador to the U.S. Herve Alphand would be replaced in the coming months, Alphand and his elegant wife Nicole had been close to the Kennedys, but showed little interest in L.B.J. before his accession to power ("I suppose we will have to learn *zee har-bee-cue*," sniffed Nicole when Johnson became President).

Ancient Grudge. The new tone with Washington would be welcome, but no one dared expect any basic change in France's policies. De Gaulle would hardly budge from his belief that eventual neutralization of Southeast Asia, with guarantees from Red China, was "the only solution compatible with the peaceful life and progress of the area." France's view is understandably colored by memories of its own defeat in Indo-China. The U.S. does not exclude the possibility that South Viet Nam may be neutralized, but Washington insists that the country must first be made sufficiently strong to protect itself against a Communist takeover. Meanwhile, if France and the U.S. reach no sudden *entente*, there are hopes at least of a *détente cordiale* between the two allies.

Of course, De Gaulle's relations with Washington and London have been strained ever since his escape to England from occupied France in 1940. Most of all, he is still irked at the Allies' refusal to allow Free French troops to join the Normandy invasion. In memory of that snub, France's President and his leading ministers were conspicuously absent from ceremonies honoring the 20th anniversary of the D-day landings.

WEST GERMANY

Reform Along the Raper

At one end of the broad, cobblestone boulevard stands a cluster of trim modern apartments; at the other rises a glass-and-steel office building. In between lies "the Raper"—Europe's greatest and gaudiest fleshpot, the Reeperbahn of Hamburg's Sankt Pauli district strings more sin along its garishly lighted main drag and crooked side streets than ten Tijuanas or 16 Sohos.

Of Sankt Pauli's 13,000 inhabitants, fully 3,000 are prostitutes. In the 200

vards of Herbertstrasse alone, 20 bordellos stand perfumed cheek by painted jowl, while round-the-clock shifts of whores sit waxen and wooden-faced behind show windows. Elaborately coiffed transvestites in spike heels wobble lumpily along the side streets, brushing shoulders with stewbums in cowboy boots and pale-faced hoods with patent-leather hair. At the Hippodrom, on a lurid avenue appropriately named *Grosse Freiheit*, hored horses trot in a circle as equally bored equestriennes strip while balancing on their backs. Along the Raper, a tourist can shoot a fake duck, get a tattoo, watch an "intimate" movie in Technicolor, or cheer a brace of Amazons clad only in black panties as they wrestle in a tub of mud.

The Black Gang. What a tourist can do most easily, though, is get clipped. Unwary visitors commonly find themselves staring at bills for as much as \$80 after a brief bout of drinking. One sucker discovered to his horror that he had been buying champagne for the whole house, including band and B-girls, and finally coughed up \$600. Blackmail, extortion and strong-arm tactics complete the repertory, and in recent years many a waiter has become an owner himself, or else tucked away a small fortune before leaving the Raper for more respectable surroundings.

Most blatant of the district's toughs was balding, broad-shouldered Paulie Müller, 38, head of the "Black Gang" and "King of Sankt Pauli." Flanked by his muscle man, a hulking waiter known as "Hans the Swine," and tailed by such hangers-on as "Boxer Fred," "Emil the Bull" and "Gambler Heini," Müller cut a wide swath along the Raper, intimidating bar owners and roughing up anyone who challenged him. But last October Paulie Müller met his nemesis in the form of a camel's-hair coat.

It was brand-new and the proud property of a nightclub waiter named Heinz ("Harry the Ox") Hopp. When Müller extorted the coat for himself, Hopp got hopping mad, pulled a gun on Paulie

and was rewarded for his temerity with a beating that put him in the hospital for a month. It was enough to turn Harry the Ox into Harry the Fink: he provided the police with sufficient evidence against Müller and the Black Gang to bring them to trial. Last week a motley audience of shills, pimps, whores, strippers and bullyboys gathered in Hamburg's dingy criminal court to hear sentence pronounced on the Black Gang. Found guilty on 16 counts ranging from assault and battery to extortion, Paulie Müller was sentenced to five years in prison, while Hans the Swine drew a four-year term and others of the dozen defendants received fines and shorter jail terms. A young blonde in a green sweater sobbed quietly, while a nattily dressed sharper muttered: "It's a damned dirty trick, putting Paulie away."

The Golden Egg. The demise of the Black Gang marked a major triumph for Hamburg's Security Chief Kurt Falek, 42, who for the past year has been crusading to clean up Sankt Pauli and the Reeperbahn. Realizing that the district's reputation was driving away tourists, Falek began by withdrawing cabaret licenses from the more flagrant violators and refusing to license prospective troublemakers. To date, he has pulled 22 licenses and refused 34 applications, while under his prodding, bar and cabaret operators have grudgingly turned back \$1,150 to customers who complained of overcharging.

Old merchant sailors who remember Sankt Pauli when it was the roughest, toughest port on the North Sea run fear that Falek's crusade will eradicate whatever sinful spontaneity remains along the Reeperbahn. But Hamburg is not about to kill the leering goose that lays a \$25 million golden egg each year. "We don't want to chemically clean Sankt Pauli to the point where it's a convent school for 15-year-old girls," says one official. "We want to keep it a place where men can seek pleasure without fear or danger." With the Black Gang gone, it might be just that.

CYPRUS

Anger Again

Turkey has long since learned that the best way to advertise the plight of the Turkish minority on Cyprus is to move a large number of soldiers into the port of Iskenderun, send out some ships on "patrol," and arrange for someone to make an inflammatory speech in Ankara. Invariably, the result is panicky fear of a Cyprus invasion that brings mobilization by the Greeks on Cyprus and a sudden feverish burst of diplomatic energy in every major capital in the West. Just such a fright last week caused Cypriot President Archbishop Makarios to call out his 30,000-man Home Guard, sent NATO Supreme Allied Commander in Europe General Lyman Lemnitzer scurrying off to Ankara, and even brought President Lyndon Johnson into the fray.

"Final" Decision. This time, the Turks were calling attention to the helplessness of Turkish Cypriots in the wake of Makarios' recent decision to call up all youths between the ages of 19 and 21 for military service, and more ominously, his open threat to begin importing heavy weapons, probably from the Soviet Union or the U.A.R. Early last week, Turkish Cypriot Fazil Kuchuk, who is technically Vice President of Cyprus but no longer even dares to go to his office in Nicosia's Greek sector, proposed that he and Makarios hold a conference on "the Green Line," the heavily guarded border separating Greeks from Turks. Makarios flatly refused, and throughout the island Turkish tensions flared. On the mainland, Iskenderun was suddenly alive with troops, and Turkey's Premier Ismet Inönü went on the radio with electric words: "Our decision is final. We have to provide an



SANKT PAULI STRIPPER



PAULIE MÜLLER



REEPERBAHN WRESTLERS

Harry the Ox become Harry the Fink.

unshakable security for the future of the Cypriot Turks."

Within hours, Lemnitzer was huddling anxiously with Turkey's top soldiers, urging moderation. Nervous at the possibility of a war that would set NATO allies Greece and Turkey to fighting, Johnson hurriedly sent a personal message to İnönü urging that the Turkish leader exercise moderation and come to the U.S. to discuss the whole Cyprus mess. İnönü declined because of "the pressure of current affairs," but a Turkish spokesman made it known that the invasion threat was over "for the time being."

Something in the Fiat. On Cyprus, the invasion scare only briefly distracted the Greek Cypriots from another source of tension last week: a bitter squabble with the British that led Makarios' men to demand that London withdraw its 2,000 troops from the 7,000-man U.N. peace-keeping force on the island. Anger was triggered by the arrest a fortnight ago of R.A.F. Senior Aircraftman Keith Marley, his wife and one-year-old baby near the town of Morphou, in northern Cyprus. The following day, Greek Cypriot Interior Minister Polykarpos Georgiadis announced that Marley had been carrying in his Fiat two mortars and two frogmen suits. Claiming this to be evidence of British collusion with the hated Turks, Georgiadis declared that "the British can no longer form a constructive element in the international peace-keeping force in Cyprus."

Proclaiming every Briton to be a potential gunrunner to the enemy, the Greeks last week began searching every British car they found on the roads. Soon the word got around: in the north-coast port of Kyrenia, a mob stoned the British-owned Harbour Club. In Nicosia, 3,000 Greek schoolchildren marched through town shouting "British go home!"

Britain was of a mind to do just that. In London, British Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys was cheered when he rose in the House of Commons to insist that "while they are performing this thankless task, we feel that our troops and their families have a right to be treated with courtesy by those who so readily accepted our offer to come to their aid." On June 27, Britain's present commitment to the U.N. force will end. Whether it will be renewed, Sandys hinted, is open to question.

EUROPE

J.F.K.: The Murder & the Myths

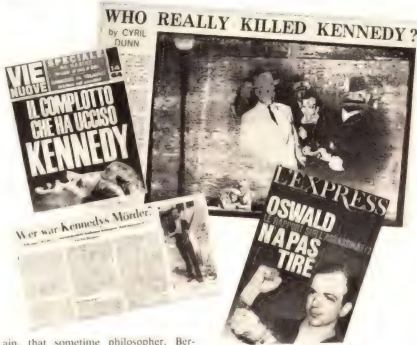
The most myth-filled aftermath of John F. Kennedy's assassination is the stubborn refusal of many Europeans to accept the belief that the U.S. President could have been killed by a lunatic loner. Headline after headline and book after book roll off the presses with a bewildering array of theories suggesting a deep, dark plot.

Loudest skeptics are Europe's leftists,

who will not be dissuaded from their original conviction that Marxist Lee Harvey Oswald was the unwitting tool or the scapegoat of some well-oiled, darker rightist conspiracy, and then was silenced by Jack Ruby. This impression was fed by the bad assumptions made by many reporters and commentators in the first minutes after the assassination in conservative Dallas, and it has never been fully erased. "The American press," declared Italy's left-wing magazine *Vie Nuove* in a recent issue, "has forgotten its glorious tradition of truth and democracy, playing along with the FBI and Dallas police to incriminate Oswald . . . who has no chance to defend himself." In Brit-

Lane, who has been stumping the Continent with denials that Oswald was the assassin. Both Buchanan and Lane have received smash play in the Eastern European press, whose line has always been that Kennedy was the victim of a three-way conspiracy among Southern racists, Pentagon generals, and the nasty CIA. Two months ago, Lane, addressing the Communist-front International Association of Democratic Jurists in Budapest, declared that the killer or killers, whom he has described as "motivated by diseased minds," are "still running loose."

It Sells. Europe's anti-leftists have their own theories about a plot. They find support in another book, *The Red*



EUROPEAN HEADLINES
Did the CIA do it?

ain, that sometime philosopher, Bertrand Russell, has already set up a "Who Killed Kennedy?" committee to look into the situation.

Mr. X? The doubters abroad find ammunition in the arguments of two like-minded Americans. One is Baltimore-born Thomas G. Buchanan, 44, a onetime reporter fired by the Washington Star in 1948 after he admitted membership in the Communist Party. He now lives in Paris and is the author of a widely discussed tome, *Who Killed Kennedy?* Buchanan suggests 1) "that the author of this crime is a millionaire of Texas, called Mr. X"; 2) that Oswald was an accomplice; but 3) that the shooting was done not by Oswald but by two triggermen, one from the Texas School Book Depository building and one stationed on an overpass ahead. Buchanan's book is being published in eight European countries, already is a bestseller.

Rivalling Buchanan for attention is Oswald's posthumous defender, windmill-tilting Manhattan Attorney Mark

Roses of Dallas, published in France by a correspondent for European publications, Nerin Gun, who covered the assassination. Newsman Gun hints strongly that it is possible that Oswald killed Kennedy out of admiration for Castro—a theory that still lingers in the minds of some U.S. Government officials who cannot fully shake off the suspicion that Oswald was acting for Castro.

The average European by no means swallows every far-out theory, but their own intrigue-steeped national histories make it easy for millions to doubt that Oswald did it alone. In Italy, where Julius Caesar got his and where Machiavelli elevated plotting to respectability, the only question is when the conspirators will be unmasked. Among Frenchmen, who have long had a pen-

* Named for the bouquet Jackie Kennedy carried in the fatal Dallas parade.

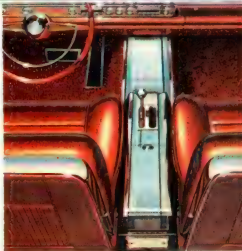


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chant for ideological crime, the rumors went back to last year's arrest of Yale Professor Frederick Barghoorn in the Soviet Union on spy charges. According to this account, the CIA had solemnly denied to Kennedy that Barghoorn was a CIA agent, but when the professor returned he told the President that he had indeed been spying for the CIA. Angered, Kennedy threatened a wholesale shake-up of the intelligence agency. Later the CIA got wind of the plot against Kennedy—but did not warn him because the agency wanted to eliminate what it feared to be a threat to its own existence.

There are other factors behind Europe's prolonged suspicion. It is regularly fanned by the Continent's press, because the Kennedy story is a sure-fire newsstand seller. Europeans are also confused at the welter of oft-conflicting reports that have emanated from the investigation.

Last week word leaked from the Warren Commission that its report would spike each of the overseas theses and endorse with few changes the FBI's original version that Oswald killed alone. However, this is hardly likely to end the myth-making in Europe. Asked a suspicious Frenchman last week: "Will the commission have the right to publish its real conclusions?"

COMMUNISTS

Around to the Dulles Position

In a celebrated 1956 attack on the principle of nonalignment, John Foster Dulles defined neutralism as a policy that "pretends that a nation can best gain safety for itself by being indifferent to the fate of others." It is, Dulles added, "an immoral and shortsighted conception."

The U.S. has since taken a more patient view of neutralism, while an evolving Russia has become less tolerant of the uncommitted nations that receive aid from both camps. Last week in Moscow, the party's theoretical journal *Kommunist* huffily denounced neutralism in terms that, in their way, were the same as those John Foster Dulles used eight years ago. Said *Kommunist*: "The leaders of young countries who really desire progress for their peoples cannot occupy intermediate positions between contradictory world social systems. There are only two paths of development—one path leads to capitalism and the other to socialism. There is no third way."

Moscow's outburst was clearly aimed at Egypt's President Nasser, who has received massive U.S. aid as well as some \$271 million in Soviet loans and grants for the Aswan Dam. "The policy of nonalignment," grumped *Kommunist*, "presupposed only nonparticipation in military blocs and alliances, and by no means an identical attitude to the friends and champions of peace, on the one hand, and to the enemies and aggressors on the other."

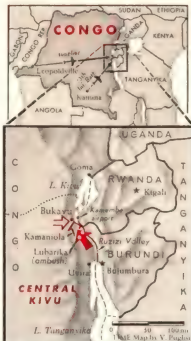
THE CONGO

With Magic Juice & Lucky Grass

It took a peak commitment of 19,400 United Nations troops to restore a sullen peace to the strife-torn Congo. By June 30, the last 3,000 members of the U.N. force will be withdrawn, and already chaos is coming back. Leopoldville has been rocked by a succession of antigovernment plastic-bomb explosions since May. In Kwilu Province, the Communist-inspired *Jeunesse* (youth), led by Pierre Mulele, still hold their own against Congolese troops. Though one of the Congo's provincial presidents recently sent Premier Cyrille Adoula a hippopotamus, the traditional sign of loyalty, it is clear that the Congo's 21 provinces remain precariously balanced on the brink of anarchy.

To counter the *plastiques* of Leopoldville, Adoula imposed a 6 p.m. curfew, and now each day when the sun sets over the Congo River, Leo is transformed into a ghost town. Adoula also closed his border with the neighboring Brazzaville Congo, where the Peking-backed Congolese National Liberation Committee has its Western headquarters. Formed by politicians loyal to the late Patrice Lumumba and imprisoned Antoine Gizenga, the rebel group is determined to carve up Adoula's tottering nation. Last week, in bucolic, mountainous Kivu province, where the Congo borders Rwanda and Burundi, the rebels were well on their way to success.

Panic & Poo-Poo Guns. Egged on by a Liberation Committee agent, a loosely organized band of 5,000 pygmy Bafulero tribesmen rose against the Congolese army. Armed with poisoned arrows and "poo-poo guns" (home-made muzzle loaders that fire bolts and nails) and anointed with *mai Mulele* (Swahili for "water of Mulele"), the 5-ft.-tall warriors believed they had been filled with a juice that made them invulnerable to bullets. In their first encounter with government troops, screaming, white-painted Bafulero died



in droves under a hail of bullets near the village of Kamaniola (see map).

When a government patrol was attacked by spearmen at the village of Luburika, the troops fled, leaving their commanding officer skewered in the dust. As the panic-stricken patrol sped north, government soldiers along the way were infected with their fear, and news of the "massacre" spread. By early last week, there were no Congolese soldiers left in the Kivu capital of Bukavu, and the rebels threatened to take the entire province, once the coffee-producing pride of Belgian white settlers.

Chaos & Countermeasures. In Bukavu, U.S. Consul Richard Matheron burned his secret papers, armed his staff and two American newsmen on the scene, and began evacuating women and children. The government's local commander, who had been a sergeant in the Belgian *Force Publique*, regrouped 300 of his men in Bukavu, got advice over the phone from three Belgian colonels and his former commanding officer, now Belgian Ambassador to Burundi. Premier Adoula swallowed his pride and asked the U.N. for help. In flew a U.S. Air Force C-130 with armored cars and reinforcements. For the moment, the pygmy threat to Bukavu seemed to have diminished. But the Congolese soldiers were taking no chances against *mai Mulele*: their witch doctors told them to wrap grass around their gun barrels in order to counter the magic water of the Bafulero.

Workmen were busy erecting a reviewing stand in Leopoldville's Ivory Market for the Congo's fourth Independence Day celebration on June 30. With the U.N. force pulling out finally and emphatically on that day, the cheers could ring hollow.



PREMIER ADOULA
Could a hippo help?

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Can't Anyone Here Play This Game?

Fidel Castro must have laughed till he split his fatigues. Incredibly, disastrously, Manolo Ray, the Cuban freedom fighter who had promised to be operating inside Cuba by May 20, was exposed as a bungling amateur. Worse, Fidel did not have to lift a finger. The British, with an assist from the U.S. Coast Guard, put the damper on what was surely the most ludicrous act yet in the endless, tragicomic opera of anti-Castro moves.

Five days before the May 20 deadline, the exile leader had quit his job

of plastic explosives were unloaded for a final check at the Anguilla Cays, where Ray planned to make a last radio transmission.

The good thing about the Anguilla Cays is that they are only 40 miles off the Cuban coast. The bad thing is that everybody knows it. Castro watches them; so do the British who own them, and the U.S. sends over numerous reconnaissance flights. So it was hardly surprising that Her Majesty's destroyer *Decoy* steamed up to look around. But it surprised Ray and his group. Frantically, they tried to hide their equipment. Then five of the party, including two freelance photographers, gunned away in the catamaran, hoping to decoy the *Decoy* away from the island while Ray stayed behind.

A Green Lump. It didn't work. The quite-competent-thank-you British captain saw the launch departing and sent a landing party to see what it might be leaving. "I found a shallow hole," related Ray, "and I threw myself down in it and covered myself with a green cloth. I crossed my arms and put my head down and hoped they wouldn't find me. They almost didn't." But on the second search of the island, one British sailor noticed the green-covered lump and hustled Ray to his feet.

Meanwhile, back at the launch, the Cubans were holding their own against the pursuing destroyer. But it was all over when two U.S. planes showed up and began dropping messages, the third and decidedly last of which ordered them to heave to or risk a barrage of 4.5-in. shells.

And so Ray and his party were carted back to Nassau to stand trial for illegal entry into the Bahamas. At first, when police discovered Manolo's identity, the group tried to arrange for another Cuban to take his place at the trial. Next, a CIA type showed up, gave a different name to each newsman present and prepared to pay whatever fine was levied against the culprits, explaining that he was a "friend." At the trial, the Cubans were all so busy jostling around Ray to conceal him from photographers that no one could have missed him, and one newsman happily snapped Ray framed under a protecting armpit. The terribly understanding Nassau judge meted out \$14 fines to each of the eight, plus a warning never to trespass again.

Aside from the CIA's less-than-glorious role, the depressing thing about the whole sorry business was that Manolo Ray up to last week was considered a small but genuine threat to Castro. A former Castro ally, he had the bearded one so worried that Cuba went on a full-scale military alert; scores of suspected Ray supporters were arrested, and Castro announced the execution of eight "CIA men" in the last fortnight. Unless the whole thing was some ex-

ceedingly devious ploy, Ray's dunce cap for failure seemed all the bigger. "We have experience, and we are just as determined as we were," he said after the Nassau trial. "We think it will be easier next time. Fidel knows me, and he knows I'm coming." That may be so, but after last week's fiasco, Fidel may not care.

BRITISH GUIANA

Working to Divide

Premier Cheddi Jagan's government last week washed its hands of all responsibility for maintaining law and order in the strife-torn South American colony. In a teary speech to British Guiana's Senate, Janet Rosenberg Jagan, 43, Cheddi's Chicago-born, Communist-sworn wife, announced her resignation as Minister of Home Affairs after a year in the job. Janet accused her own cops of racism and sabotage, charged that the 90% Negro force is bitterly anti-Jagan, has done nothing to halt persecution of the country's Jagan-supporting East Indians.

Actually, British Guiana's Marxist husband and wife team have themselves busily stirred up racial trouble by calling on East Indians to support "to the death" Cheddi's demand for immediate independence from Britain. And they contributed mightily to the current



RAY BOUND FOR TRIAL
Hiding in a hole.

in Puerto Rico and dropped out of sight. For two weeks, nothing was heard from him. Miami tingled with stories that Ray was in Cuba, carrying out a cleverly conceived plan to harass and eventually topple Castro. As it turned out last week, Ray did not start until May 24 and never set foot in Cuba.

Everybody Knows. Following standard procedure, Ray and his seven companions, including a woman radio operator, were launched from a CIA-sponsored "mother ship" that obligingly runs exiles to within striking distance of Cuba. As Ray and his men later told it to TIME Correspondent Ed Reingold, the weather was terrible the first few days, and Cuban patrol boats were everywhere. "Big, fast boats," recalled one of the infiltrators. "We saw ten in all." So the small band zoomed around tiny keys that lie between Florida and Cuba, testing their 24-ft. catamaran and tinkering with their boat's two 100-h.p. Volvo inboard-outboard engines. The Volvos were gobbling gas and running hot at high speed. Nevertheless, Ray finally decided that the time had come. The five FN Belgian rifles with flash suppressors, 1,000 rounds of ammunition, hand grenades and masses



FORMER MINISTER JANET JAGAN
Washing her hands.

flare-up by calling East Indian sugar workers out on a strike during which nonstriking Negro field hands were beaten and murdered. Negroes have fled from heavily East Indian villages, and streams of East Indians from Negro-dominated areas have poured into refugee camps near the Georgetown capital. The prospect is for further polarization and violence.



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BRAZIL

Seeds of Injustice?

The tired, drawn figure rose wearily in his seat in Brazil's Senate chamber and switched on a microphone. Gone was the familiar exuberance, the wall-to-wall smile. "I am overcome by the most terrible sadness I have ever known in my whole public life," said Brazil's onetime President. "In the expectancy that the cancellation of my political rights, and therefore my rights as a citizen, will be confirmed, I believe it is my duty to direct a few words to the Brazilian nation."

Last week Juscelino Kubitschek—not long ago considered the front-running presidential candidate for the 1965 elections and one of his country's most durable public figures—was fighting for his political life. Some time before June 14, Brazil's National Security Council

hard-bitten old War Minister—decided to settle matters with the ex-President as well. Their weapon was the National Security Council, composed of Cabinet ministers and key military leaders. While the fight against both Communism and graft remains urgent after Goulart's disastrous, Red-leaning misrule, some of the council's methods are alarming. The council denies suspects the right of defense, the right to know the specific charge, even the right to know that they are on trial; it deliberates in secret, then simply publishes its blacklists. So far, 167 politicians and government officials have lost their political rights in this way.

Catalogue of Sins. If the council's charges against Kubitschek were secret, newspapers and TV carried an impressive catalogue of sins. He is accused of buying 1 billion cruzeiros worth of rotten beans, of accepting huge kickbacks

public life, is staining and marring a revolution undertaken to save us from Communism. The seeds of injustice, of arbitrary action, of ill will, will take root. . . . The blow they want to strike against me will strike instead at our democratic life."

BOLIVIA

A New Mandate

The grey clouds of South American winter hung low over La Paz as the blue, bulletproof Cadillac pulled up to the newly constructed grade school. Bolivia's President Victor Paz Estenssoro stepped out, strode into the crowded schoolyard and took his place in line. "We are here to vote," he said simply. After a 25-minute wait, Paz dropped his pink ballot into the box, dipped a finger into a cup of red ink to prove he had voted, then drove off to attend to other affairs of state.

So it went last week throughout Bolivia. In calm, peaceful balloting, the Andean nation's voters turned out to elect Paz to his second straight term and his third since the 1952 revolution that toppled the country's feudal tin-mining aristocracy. All threats of anti-Paz demonstrations, violent strikes, even hints of an assassination attempt, proved empty. Early returns gave Paz 677,000 votes, a clear majority of the country's estimated 900,000 eligible voters and more than enough to secure his mandate for another term.

Two weeks before, Paz's enemies, led by Juan Lechin, leftist boss of the country's tin miners, had withdrawn from the elections, urging all voters to abstain or cast blank ballots in protest. Two days before the vote, Lechin and Hernán Siles Zuazo, onetime President (1956-60) and a former Paz supporter, went on a hunger strike hoping to marshal public opinion against the President. But on voting day, abstentions and blank votes ran only 20% or so, and the hunger strikers soon started eating again.

The best Lechin could do was call his tin miners off the job. By the morning after the election, most of the country's tin production had shut down. Paz coolly shrugged it off. "The strike," he said, "will last only three or four days because the miners don't want to lose their production bonus." Sure enough, three days later, the miners were back.

Lechin and Siles then announced the formation of a "National Revolutionary Front" to unite most forces, both left and right, in opposition to Paz. If it lasts, the Front will be the first sizable, organized political opposition in Bolivia since the 1952 revolution. But Paz remained unexcited. "I don't believe we are going to have a continuing political problem," he said. Referring to his former political allies, he added: "Some people are necessary for the early part of a revolution, others for a later stage. When the revolution enters the construction period, these people aren't necessary."



FORMER PRESIDENT KUBITSCHKE

"I will not be intimidated."



INVESTIGATING OFFICERS

will blacklist another group of Brazilians accused of Communism or corruption, depriving them of all political rights for the next ten years. On the list will be Congressmen, Senators, diplomats, businessmen, at least three state Governors, and some Cabinet members who served under deposed President João Goulart. At the top of the list, unless Brazil's new leaders back down, will be Kubitschek.

One More List. As Brazil's President from 1956 to 1961, Kubitschek raised farm and livestock output 37.9%, steel production 100%, aluminum production tenfold, oil production fifteenfold; he built the auto industry from scratch toward its present level of 174,000 units a year, added thousands of miles of roads and the new \$600 million inland capital of Brasília. But he also touched off an inflationary spiral and made many enemies with his damn-the-cost drive. After he left office, rumors of corruption constantly swirled around his administration; so far, however, there has been no proof.

When Goulart was tossed out last April, Kubitschek's enemies—among them Artur da Costa e Silva, Brazil's

on construction jobs, awarding contracts without public bid, stealing federal funds and committing election fraud. Then there is the Communist angle. He is supposed to have signed a secret 1955 agreement with Communist Party Boss Luis Carlos Prestes to get his election support, encouraged Communist infiltration in his government, then paid Prestes \$50,000 for his support in the 1965 elections.

Kubitschek's supporters prepared a White Paper to "prove" his innocence, sent a petition to President Humberto Castello Branco. The Brazilian Council of Bishops also did some petitioning. "Let those who are accused have the sacred right of defense," the bishops pleaded. Answered the chairman of the Central Investigating Committee: "Defense is impossible."

As word got out that he was up for blacklisting, Kubitschek issued a rare press statement. "I will not retreat," he said. "I will not be intimidated." He persisted all the way into the Senate chamber last week. "The revolutionaries have turned against the most sacred concepts of the law," he cried. "This tyrannical act, banishing me from

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Is it a fact that a leader in nuclear research has a hand in bringing music to the Wilkies' family picnic?

Few people would be surprised to learn that a company which started mining and milling uranium ore more than 20 years ago would emerge as one of the world's most diversified private enterprises in the field of atomic energy. Today, it manages the atomic energy facilities at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Paducah, Kentucky, for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission; ships radioisotopes all over the world; and operates its own nuclear research center.

And you'd certainly expect that the manufacturer of more than 400 different types of "Eveready" batteries would make the batteries preferred most for portable radios. The Wilkie family can take Bach, Basie or the baseball game anywhere they go.

But would the awesome tasks of nuclear research and the mass production of tiny batteries ever be combined in one company?



Not unless the company was Union Carbide.

With Union Carbide, surprising diversification is almost commonplace. It makes half a dozen major plastics, as well as plastic bottles and packaging films; and it is one of the world's largest producers of petrochemicals. It makes the largest graphite cylinders ever produced, for use in rocket exhaust nozzles, and the arc carbons for motion picture projectors. It liquefies gases, including those that will power men to the moon. And among Union Carbide's other consumer products are such world-leaders as "Prestone" brand anti-freeze and "6-12" insect repellent.

In fact, few other corporations are so deeply involved in so many different skills and activities that will affect the technical and production capabilities of our next century. It sounds good to the Wilkies.

PEOPLE

When her dad said he would vote for I. B.J., the G.O.P. had the distinct sensation of being kicked by a Mustang. Now a filly is bolting the stable too. **Charlotte Ford**, 23, Henry's eldest daughter, has joined a group called Young Citizens for Johnson.

Big fat cigars used to be Wall Street's symbol, but today they're the stuff that comrades are made of. Soviet U.N. Delegate **Nikolai Fedorenko**, 52, lit up his Empresa Consolidada at a World's Fair luncheon last week, puffed a cloud of smoke at his U.S. counterpart, **Adlai Stevenson**, 64, and chuckled. "It's a Havana, of course, the best Revolutionary!" Lately, however, Fedorenko has been indulging in a pretty counter-revolutionary bourgeois-capitalist deviation. In the Security Council, he has been seen chomping American chewing gum; and who knows, if word of that gets back to the Kremlin, Nikolai might wind up doubling his pleasure, doubling his fun, somewhere in outer Kazakhstan.

He has been dead only a year, but petitions from throughout Italy pour in beseeching the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Rites to start proceedings for the beatification of **Pope John XXIII**. As the first step toward canonization, beatification requires lengthy investigations (lasting 40 to 60 years) and proof of two miracles; but the villagers of tiny Sotto il Monte, where John was born, are confident that one day he will be "Blessed John." Already, the parish priest says, he has heard of a girl recovering her eyesight and an aged man regaining his health through prayers to the late Pope for his intercession with God.

If you listen closely in Boston's Symphony Hall these days, you can sometimes hear a shy "yeah, yeah, yeah" from the fiddle section, as that master **Fiedler**, **Arthur**, 69, leads the proper Boston Pops in a bouncy, 90-man rendition of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*.



FIEDLER IN BEATLE WIG
Into his top mop.



CHARLOTTE FORD & OTHER YOUNG CITIZENS
Out of the stable.

the orchestra's sleeper hit of the season. How does the top pop get in the mood for the mop-top hop? It's very simple. He puts on his thinking wig.

Way down in Greenwich Village, where the elite meet to beat, once stood an off-Broadway citadel called The Living Theater. Its keepers were **Julian Beck**, 38, and his wife **Judith Malina**, 37, and because they were "artists" they also kept their federal taxes. There wasn't enough money there to save The Living Theater (it died), but naturally the IRS hated them into court, and naturally they had a theatrical ball conducting their own defense, and naturally a bunch of squares found them guilty of avoiding taxes. "Victims of injustice!" squealed the Becks at the verdict. "Innocent! Innocent!" The long-suffering judge found them guilty of contempt as well, sentenced **Julian** to 60 and **Judith** to 30 days in jail. It would take more than that to upstage **Judy**. She soon had the galleries sobbing as she proclaimed how lucky she was to be loved by a man like **Julian**, who once "stood by while six men beat me with clubs and did not move—not because he is a coward, but because he loves nonviolence more than me."

Somebody must have known where the fire was, but it wasn't the driver of the big red fire engine on the road outside Athens, because he slammed on his brakes to ask which way. The Thunderbird trailing behind was tooling along at the usual fast pace of its owner, Greece's dashing bachelor **King Constantine**, 24, with his sister, **Princess Irene**, 22, and it did not stop on a drachma. Instead, it crashed into the rear of the fire engine. The reigning monarch and Irene came out of the accident with a few bumps, but the front of the car was a wreck, and Premier **George Papandreou** still has the shakes, because while **Constantine** may not be the world's greatest driver, he is the only male member of the Greek royal family.

Two years after his father was hanged in Israel for his role in the extermination of 6,000,000 Jews, **Horst Adolf Eichmann**, 23, a mechanic, hung a swastika flag in front of his Buenos Aires home and goose-stepped off to a nearby bar for a press conference. Announcing he had joined Argentina's

Neo-Nazi National Socialist Party, he declared that the reason for his adopted country's troubles was "the Zionists, who through their trusts and monopolies are carrying out their program for world exploitation. My father fought those who are suffering from the international Zionist conspiracy." Added **Horst**: "On this anniversary, I want to remember that he did not die in vain."

A guy can't eat lunch with his friends any more—not if the place is a Broadway chophouse, the friends are eminent Manhattan bookies, and the guy happens to be onetime Racket King **Frank Costello**, 73. Poor Uncle Frank. (That's what the doorman at his Central Park co-op calls him.) The feds cut in at the gefilte fish, hauled the bookies down to the courthouse for failure to buy their \$50 gambling stamps, brought **Costello** along on a vagrancy charge, being, as the law says, "without visible means of support." Fortunately, his attorney explained that he was "retired," and even the New York Civil Liberties Union came to his defense. "An outrage!" barked its counsel, **Emanuel Redfield**. "An action of a police state, not a democracy!"

Lynda Bird Johnson, 20; Indiana's Democratic Senator **Birch Bayh**, 36; **Luci Barnes Johnson**, 16.



UNCLE FRANK
Down at the station.

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MUSIC

CONTESTS

To Russia with Ease

It was nearing 1 a.m. and the jury was still out. But for the 2,000 witnesses patiently keeping the vigil in Brussels' opulent Palais des Beaux Arts last week, there was never any doubt about the verdict. In the finals of the Queen Elisabeth Piano Competition, the tumultuous reception for Russian Teen-Ager Eugene Moguilevsky, the only performer

five rigorously trained Russian entries.

Exiled in an isolated mansion with no liberty privileges, the dozen finalists dug in for one last hellish week of practice, practice, practice. All but the Russians chafed under the regimen. While Anton Kuerti, 28, most promising U.S. contender, kept the other tenants awake into the small hours slaving at the keyboard a minimum of twelve hours a day, the well-prepared Russian trio held their practice sessions to four hours at the most, then blithely played soccer and lounged on the sloping lawns. It was downright disconcerting. "To us Americans, that week was like jail," groaned Michael Ponti, 26. "To them it was a paradise."

Pingpong. Some, like France's Evelyne Flauw, who fled the stage sobbing and gulping tranquilizers, cracked under the pressure. The skittish Americans turned in credibly flashy but often expressionless performances, were faulted for losing control of their pyrotechnical bursts. Results: the disciplined Russians placed first, second and seventh; the Americans fourth, fifth, sixth and eleventh.

Coolest of the lot was Winner Moguilevsky. An hour and a half before he was to walk on stage, he unconcernedly primed himself by heartily polishing off a steak and playing pingpong.

DANCE

Style in Stuttgart

Dancers from virtually every major opera house in Europe tripped into Stuttgart. They came not to dance but to tiddle in the wings and watch the latest creations of Württemberg State Opera Ballet Director John Cranko, who has built a reputation among dancers and audiences alike as the most creative young choreographer in all of Europe. At the conclusion of last week's annual Ballet Festival, the burgeoning art of Crankophiles was more enthusiastic than ever.

For openers, the company staged its *pièce de résistance*, a robust rendering of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*, followed by a lavish, streamlined *Swan Lake* featuring nothing less than the reigning tandem of Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, who had volunteered their services and spent one week of intensive rehearsals mastering the myriad refinements of Cranko's interpretation. But the creation that stirred the most frenetic response from the crowd was the première of a handsomely preened and plumed production of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird*, grounded in the Fokine tradition but soaring to new heights on the wings



CRANKO

of Prima Ballerina Marcia Haydée's fluttering, levitating flight through a lush forest primeval.

All & More. For Cranko, 37, a spare, gentle man of steely determination, the festival was one more step toward realizing his vision of expanding the horizons of his company "to encompass and incorporate all known dance forms and then add some more." A native of South Africa, Cranko first became hooked on ballet while working as a puppeteer in Cape Town, soon pulled other strings to land a job in 1947 with London's Sadler's Wells Theater Ballet as a dancer and sometime choreographer. Five years later, critics were calling him "the young hope of British choreography." Later, as a choreographer with the Royal Ballet, he carved a reputation for uncommon versatility and invention. But always he nurtured a burning itch to discover and develop a new "pattern of movement and expression which already is deeply ingrained into the matrix of our artistic experience and potential." He longed for his own ballet company, and when he got an invitation from Stuttgart five years ago, Cranko leaped at the opportunity.

Since Noverre. The fruits of his Stuttgart efforts first appeared on the international scene at last year's Edinburgh Festival, where his achievement was hailed as "staggering" and "beyond praise." Yet for all the lavish encomiums, Cranko is the first to admit that he and his relatively small company still need five or more years of maturing before they are ready to lay claim to the authentic "Stuttgart style" label some critics have already begun to discuss in glowing, enthusiastic terms. But one thing is already certain: not since the city's celebrated Ballet Reformer Jean-Georges Noverre set out two centuries ago "to smash the masks, to burn the wigs, to present a spirit which ranks high in the realm of the creative arts" has old Stuttgart seen so much style.



BALLERINA HAYDÉE IN "FIREBIRD"
A leap toward the authentic.



MOGUILEVSKY IN TRAINING
A matter of discipline.

among the record 70 contestants to receive a standing ovation, was evidence enough.

The judges agreed with the audience and awarded the \$3,000 first prize to the tearful Moscow Conservatory student, while Belgium's Queen Elisabeth herself, an 87-year-old wisp of a woman regally draped in white, excitedly waved her approval from the royal box. Just 18, Moguilevsky, whose parents teach piano at the conservatory at Odessa, displayed a dazzling technique deftly tempered with a controlled maturity of approach. He is the youngest pianist to ever win the coveted Queen's crown. "Moguilevsky has everything," raved *La Dernière Heure* critic Pierre Modart, "a blessed musical nature . . . great artistic presence." Echoed the Flemish daily *De Standard*: "A blessed musical nature."

Quality, Not Quantity. The youngster's triumph, the sixth time in eleven tries that a Russian has earned top honors in the prestigious international competition, was a particularly bitter pill for the older U.S. contingent to digest. With 20 entrants, by far the largest delegation among the 28 countries represented, the Americans had clearly come to conquer. But in the two withering weeks of elimination rounds, quantity gave way to quality, leaving but four American hopefuls to compete in the contest finals along with three of the



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

"A Nourishing of Excellence"

It was former Schoolteacher Lyndon Johnson's own idea: the accolade of "presidential scholar," to be bestowed on outstanding students as they finished high school and headed for college. Announcing the program in April, the President said, "These awards are to recognize the most precious resource of the United States—the brain power of its young people—to encourage the pursuit of intellectual attainment among all our young people." This week the first year's scholars, 121 strong, gather in the White House for a presidential handshake and a medal designed by Sculptor Jacques Lipchitz.

Winners were chosen by a committee headed by Dr. Milton Eisenhower. The 500 finalists were screened by the National Merit Scholarship Corporation primarily from top performers on its own tests and on the "college boards" given by Educational Testing Service. Virtually all the scholars scored in the mid 700s on the college boards and no less than 15 had perfect 800s. Half a dozen had perfect National Merit exam scores, impossible.

The first presidential winners include 64 boys and 57 girls, who will attend 73 different colleges and universities. Surprisingly, only one winner will study medicine, but 31 plan to major in math, 13 in physics, seven in chemistry. In whatever field, the 121 honored teenagers prove that the country's "greatest resource" is a rich and varied lode. Some standout scholars:

► Jill Ramsey of Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., scored two perfect 800s and a 795 on her college boards, may major in anthropology or Spanish at Stanford. Last year as a summer project, she helped to build a clavichord.

► Elaine Leachman of Los Alamos, N. Mex., speaks French, Spanish, Swedish, Russian—and Danish acquired while her physicist father was posted at the Nils Bohr Institute in Denmark. In Copenhagen she won second place in a French contest, represented Denmark on a trip to Paris. She helps with a class for retarded children, will train as a language teacher at Stanford.

► Jeffrey Liebman of Evanston, Ill., got a four-minute standing ovation when the President's telegram was read to a student assembly. He heard not a clasp of it, having been deaf since birth. He attends Evanston's college-sized Township High, reads lips so fluently that some classmates are unaware of his deafness. Hugely versatile, Jeffrey was a state winner in the Science Talent Search for his experiment on fast evaporation, won a Carnegie Tech creative-writing prize for an essay on Salinger and Kafka, a national prize for a one-act play, and a letter for wrestling. He will major in chemistry at Oberlin.

► Paul Kenneth Hansma of Scottsdale,



EVANS



GIERINGER



LEACHMAN



RAMSEY



LIBMAN



HANSMA

The most precious resource.

Ariz., "just seemed to drift into science," has built everything from a cloud chamber to a solar furnace to an electron accelerator. For a hobby he builds fountains, is now on his ninth. He studies with stereo earphones whispering light classical music to him. He will attend New College in Sarasota, Fla., move on to postgraduate research in physics.

► Jacquelyn Faye Evans of Little Rock, Ark., made her achievements (straight A's) amid notably less circumstances as one of the few Negro students to enter and stay at Little Rock's Hall High School after it was integrated by federal troops. "The identity crisis was there at first," she says, "but I got along fine." She reads 1,800 words a minute, will go to Radcliffe on a scholarship.

► Dale Gieringer of Cincinnati is towering physically (6 ft. 3 in., 190 lbs.) and intellectually (he tops his class of 289). "A youngster with a brain like this is awesome," says one teacher at Walnut Hills High. In free time, Dale programs computers at the University of Cincinnati's Kettering Laboratory ("It's just a job, really"). Dale took up astronomy at six, and his prime interest is "where physics, math and astronomy meet—cosmology, deep space distribution of matter." He hopes after Harvard to join NASA or become a research astronomer at an observatory in Australia or South Africa.

TEACHING

Reading by Rainbow

Teaching English by pure "look-say"—the theory that children need only recognize shapes of whole words rather than individual letters or syllables—is discredited in the U.S.: 30 years of trying it produced two generations of bad spellers and etymological ninnyes. But going back to pure phonics does not

answer the original objection that learning English's brain-busting disparities of spelling is dull and slow. In Washington, before a class of 29 illiterate adults and teen-agers, a teacher named Caleb Gattegno demonstrated a speedy means of teaching reading by an ingenious system of color-coding sounds.

Londoner Gattegno, 54, who made a lot of money by introducing the Cuisenaire rods that help moppets to master math (TIME, Jan. 31), uses a rainbow-hued set of word charts. They give each of English's 20 vowel sounds a color of its own. Thus the u in *up* is printed in yellow, and so are the identical-sounding o in *done*, oe in *does*, oo in *blood*. The o in *no* is tan, and so are seven other spellings that sound the same, like the eau in *beau* and the ough in *though*. There are 27 colors for consonant sounds. The sound of n in *no* is lavender, as is the kn in *know* and the gn in *gnat*.

Visual Dictation. Learners first master short pronunciations of the five vowels (the a as in *at*, e as in *pet*), then some consonant sounds (p, t, k) to provide the components for a lot of words. Using what he calls "visual dictation," tapping the charts with a pointer, Dr. Gattegno lets students discover with delight that strings of sounds make words, then whole sentences, including such swinging examples as "Pat met on a mat a man as fat as Tim." The decipherability of language thus established, the drill moves on to tougher orthography: weigh, height, eye, diaphragm, for example.

"Color serves as an extra dimension to help the learner associate the image of the letters with the sound until he has mastered it," explains Gattegno. "It makes nonphonetic English a phonetic language without changing the traditional spellings." Once sounds are

learned, the rainbow fades. Class books are in black on white, and students write in ordinary black. "Within six weeks they seem to rely mostly on form, referring back to the color charts when they have problems in working out words," reports a teacher.

On the second day of the Washington demonstration, Dr. Gattegno's pupils, certified as "functional illiterates" by the welfare department, were triumphantly reading stories from that afternoon's Washington Star. "Maybe I could go to college," mused a short-order cook. "Corny as it sounds, I'd like to read Shakespeare."

On to Hallelujah. Designed originally for teaching illiterate adults (Peace Corpsmen find it intriguing for potential use in illiterate countries), Words in Color is now being tried in 100 schools in seven states. In Euclid, Ohio,



INVENTOR GATTEGNO & WORD CHARTS
How by hues.

where a pilot project was launched last year, five-year-olds read simple stories, first-graders whip through fourth-grade readers. "What do brown, light orange, magenta make?" the teacher will ask. "Pot!" cry the kids. Dr. William Jordan, assistant head of the elementary schools, says: "We have never seen such progress. Our color readers are far ahead of any comparable groups." Students conquer the course, through such words as *schist* and *hallelujah*, in six weeks to six months.

Learning so relentlessly nonphonetic a language as English will never become effortless, and Words in Color may be overrated by some of its spectacular early successes. Yet for its happy discovery that symbolic color sticks in an illiterate's brain quicker than a shape, and its basic expansion of the alphabet (from 26 letters to 47 colors) to match the language's sounds, it gives promise of turning into an educational hit (light blue, pink, magenta).

KUDOS

Round 2

ALLIANCE COLLEGE

John A. Gronouski, the U.S. Postmaster General—L.I.D.

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Dirk Ulipko Stikker, soon-to-retire Secretary-General—L.I.D.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Kingman Brewster Jr., recently inaugurated president of Yale University—L.I.D. *The gift of leadership lets you exist and equips you admirably as presiding officer of one of our country's distinguished centers of higher learning.*

CRIGHTON UNIVERSITY

Thomas S. Power, General, U.S. Air Force, Commander in Chief of SAC—L.I.D. *The leader of those patriots, Americans who are proud that peace is their profession.*

Whitney Young Jr., executive director of the National Urban League—L.I.D. *He has made his career a quiet battle so that all men, regardless of color or belief, may enjoy the rights guaranteed them under the Constitution of the United States.*

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

Robert Sargent Shriver Jr., director of the Peace Corps and director-designate of President Johnson's "war on poverty" program—L.I.D. *Humanitarian—We salute you simply—with a single word.*

EMMANUEL COLLEGE

Edward Moore Kennedy, U.S. Senator from Massachusetts—L.I.D. *Earnest and diligent disciple of the teachings of true socialism; eager and tireless in his many journeyings to open the pathways of friendship among nations.*

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE

Chester R. Huntley, TV commentator—L.I.D.
David Brinkley, TV commentator—L.I.D.

GEORGIAN COURT COLLEGE

Margaret Chase Smith, U.S. Senator from Maine—L.I.D.

HAYFORD COLLEGE

Clark Kerr, president of the University of California—L.I.D.

MOUNT MARY COLLEGE

Harper Lee, novelist (*To Kill a Mockingbird*)—L.I.D.
Edward Teller, nuclear physicist—L.I.D.

MUNDELEIN COLLEGE

Clare Boothe Luce, playwright, former Congresswoman, former Ambassador to Italy—L.I.D. *For her distinctive contribution as a woman in the field of international affairs.*

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Edward R. Murrow, former director, U.S. Information Agency (in absentia)—L.I.D.

—Who established something of a record by getting three honorary degrees in one day (at Emmanuel, Curry and Stonehill colleges), and two more (at Assumption College and Lowell Technological Institute) before the week was up.

Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the U.S.—L.I.D. *Displays rare independence, courage and foresight as he steers the critical course of this nation's highest court.*

OHIO NORTHERN UNIVERSITY

Bishop Fred Pierce Carson, president, World Methodist Council, observer at the Second Vatican Council—Eumenides D.

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE

Incisus Holmes Pitts, president of all Negro Miles College, Birmingham (TIME, Nov. 8)—L.I.D. *As one who struggled long and hard to earn an education, and who is now struggling equally hard to bring the benefits of education to those who need it most, you have indeed earned Chancellor's embaum. And gladly would he term and gladly teach.*

RIPON COLLEGE

Sir Tyrone Guthrie, artistic director of the Minnesota Theater Co. at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis—D.F.A.

ROLLINS COLLEGE

James H. Killian Jr., corporation chairman, Massachusetts Institute of Technology—D.H.

Raymond Cecil Gibson, professor of education, Indiana University, onetime organizer of colleges in Latin America and Asia—L.I.D.

SAINT LOUIS UNIVERSITY

Eugène Cardinal Tisserant, dean of the College of Cardinals, member of the French Academy—L.I.D.

UNIVERSITY OF AKRON

Eric Frederick Goldman, Rollins professor of history, Princeton University, special consultant to President Johnson—L.I.D. *As the President's "Idea Man," his talents will be utilized for the improvement of the society he knows so well.*

General Earle G. Wheeler, U.S. Army Chief of Staff—L.I.D. *First soldier of the U.S.*

UNIVERSITY OF JUDAISM

The Very Rev. Charles S. Cassisi, S.J., president of Loyola University—D.D.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

Andrew Wyeth, artist—D.F.A. *He records those timeless human meanings whose existence he doubts no more than he doubts the real existence of external nature.*

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO

Richard Buckminster Fuller, engineer, designer, inventor, teacher, and creator of the geodesic dome—D.F.A.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Sidney Blackmer, actor—D.H.

UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

Bob Hope, comedian—L.I.D.

WASHBURN UNIVERSITY OF TOPEKA

Carl T. Rowan, director, U.S. Information Agency—L.H.D.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

George H. Love, chairman of the board, Chrysler Corp. and Consolidation Coal Co.—L.I.D.

WESTERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Hannah Arendt, author (*Eichmann in Jerusalem*)—L.I.D.



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MEDICINE

ECONOMICS

The Patient's Purse

The U.S. will spend an estimated \$33 billion for medical care in 1964. Government agencies, from federal to local, will put up somewhat more than \$8 billion; the balance of almost \$25 billion will come more directly out of the pockets of ailing individuals and their families. Who gets the money? And is the patient's purse being well treated?

The answers are usually lost in a statistical jungle. Now Seymour F. Harris, a Harvard professor emeritus of political economy, has tracked them down in a fact-packed book of 508 pages, *The Economics of American Medicine* (Macmillan: \$8.50). In general, he concludes that the price of health is reasonable, except for a few items on the bill.

Best-Paid Profession. The price is rising fast: that \$33 billion annual charge is up from a mere \$14 billion in 1950. Doctors, whose fees used to amount to about 31¢ of every medical-care dollar, now take in only 26¢. The dentists' share is down from about 12¢ to 10¢; drugs are holding steady around 20¢, and 16¢ still pays for a miscellaneous category that includes eyeglasses and other appliances, nursing-home care, and insurance premiums. Where do the rest of the pennies go? Almost entirely to the hospitals. Around 1950, hospitals were taking only 22¢ of the sick man's dollar. Now they take the biggest bite of all: more than 27¢.

Though doctors collectively get proportionately less of the patient's dollar, Harris reports that they have become the highest paid professionals in the U.S. Before the 1929 crash, those in private practice averaged \$5,300 a year; they took a cut to \$4,000 during the Depression. They had won back most of this loss by the time of Pearl Harbor, and have climbed steadily ever since then to a current national average of \$25,000 or more (far more than such other professionals as dentists and lawyers).

Doctors' fees have doubled since 1940, but this is less than the average price increase for consumer goods and services in general. The boost in doctors' incomes is mainly a result of the fact that they are seeing many more patients. They still work long hours (60 a week is common), and they crowd more patients' visits into each hour. But they are practicing more efficiently. Doctors, says Harris, are generally better educated than they used to be, have whole batteries of new laboratory tests and technicians' services to help them decide on the right diagnosis and treatment while spending less time palpating the patient. Doctors now commonly charge for items that used to be free, such as a bit of supplementary advice given by telephone. And they have cut

down time-consuming house calls from about 40% of their practice, before World War II, to a mere 7% in 1964. Says Harris: They have "put the burden of travel on the patient."

The Big Increase. Hospital charges for each day of a patient's stay are suffering from what Harris calls galloping inflation. Experts differ on how severe the increase is statistically. But Harris argues that since 1948, however they are computed, hospital daily costs have gone up 2½ times as much as income after direct taxes, which is the best measure of the patient's ability to pay. By far the biggest factor in hospitals' rising costs has been salaries and wages—and, most surprisingly, it is the professional and nursing staffs that have

FRED RAPIN



HARRIS'S HARRIS

A case of galloping inflation.

taken most of the increase, and not the notoriously underpaid housekeeping and kitchen employees.

A hospital's daily charge is not a good index to what a hospital stay actually costs the patient. On the debit side are many additional services for which the patient is billed separately—some hospitals are running six times as many lab tests on patients as they did in 1950. On the credit side is the fact that the average stay in a hospital has been cut from 15 days to ten. This is partly because improved surgery and medical care are sending patients home sooner, even after serious illnesses, and partly because patients now go into a hospital for less serious conditions—either because they can afford to or because their doctors think they can. Insurance helps to pay the bills. By now, 73% of all Americans have some insurance against part of the costs of ill-

ness in a hospital, and insurance pays 56% of private hospital bills. But Harris says this is not enough. However horrendous hospital costs are now, Harris expects a further 50% increase in daily rates by 1970, raising them to \$45 or \$50. By then, auxiliary services may well add another \$50, which will bring hospital bills to \$100 a day for a short stay, with the surgeon's fee still to pay.

Too Much for Drugs. Price rises in drugs and prescriptions are a source of endless and usually fruitless argument because of the medical revolution since the sulfas appeared in 1937. The average price of a prescription before Pearl Harbor was 93¢; by 1956 it was up to \$2.62, and it is now \$3.10. Prescription items used to be less than 10% of all drug sales; now they are more than 30%, and they add up to a big business of more than \$1.5 billion a year. With bulk buying of drugs by hospitals and government agencies, and massive sales of non-prescription items, the U.S. drug bill for 1964 is approaching \$5 billion.

Harris readily grants that the "lives saved, suffering averted, and acceleration of recoveries" are worth more than the billions spent on drugs. But as an economist he cannot resist the conclusion: "The cost of drugs is too high. It could be substantially less."

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Typhoid Angus

The bacteria that cause typhoid fever live almost exclusively in sewage, and typhoid remains a major problem in Asia, Africa and parts of South America. In countries where water supplies are kept free from sewage contamination and where food handlers follow the basic rules of cleanliness, typhoid is a rare disease. When it erupts in a place that prides itself on good sanitation, as it did in the Swiss ski resort of Zermatt 18 months ago, it causes a violent flap. Last week there was a new typhoid flap in clean Aberdeen, Scotland (pop. 186,000). There were 324 confirmed cases (two deaths) and 55 suspected, with still more expected.

Aberdeen's medical officer, Dr. Ian MacQueen, was certain that he had found the explanation: "There is no shadow of doubt that this outbreak started from a tin of corned beef." The meat was in a 6-lb. can and had come from South America. In an Aberdeen delicatessen it was sliced on a machine that was also used to slice other meats. The infected machine spread the infection to these meats and to the customers who ate them. As the statistics of sickness piled up, the British government ordered a top-level inquiry to find out just where in South America the meat had come from and, hopefully, to learn how typhoid bacilli got into it.

Typhoid is no longer the dreaded, deadly plague of old, now that antibiotics can usually cure it. But while the inquiry went on, Aberdeen remained a beleaguered city.

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THE LAW

PROPERTY RIGHTS

A Man's Caboose Is Not His Castle

A man's home may be his castle, but if he riles the neighbors, they may have a lot more say about the place than he does. William M. Phillips, feature editor of the Miami Herald, learned that expensive lesson when he decided to install a railroad caboose in his backyard. Phillips' family had outgrown his one-bedroom house, and he needed cheap, additional living space for his three children. What he got was a blizzard of bills that have now hit \$10,000 and an endless zoning suit that has become the longest in the history of Florida's Dade County. Even worse, he has now been ordered to get rid of the caboose.

Board v. Board. According to Phillips, his most serious error was that he got only verbal permission for his housing scheme from a zoning official, who now denies everything. When the neighbors yowled that the caboose violated the zoning code ban on any "eyesore or nuisance" in Miami, the local zoning board bucked the complaint to the county zoning department, which offered the suggestion that the caboose be painted green, hidden by shrubs and used only as a playhouse. That pleased neither side, so the case ascended to the zoning board of appeals, which ordered Phillips to remove the caboose within six months. Taking to the courts, Phillips lost one attempt for appeal after another up to the Florida Supreme Court, which refused to hear him on the ground that his lawyer used the wrong legal approach.

By now, the zoning board of appeals had been stripped of its decision-making authority. Phillips started all over again, and twice he got a recommendation for a variance covering the caboose. But the Metro Commission, which governs the county and has the final word, said

no each time. Phillips' neighbors finally asked the state attorney to charge him with criminal violation of the zoning code—punishable by a \$500 fine and 60 days in jail for each day's violation.

Injunction v. Injunction. Phillips was so mad that he put a \$5,200 mortgage on his house to pay for the fight, and went to court again to enjoin the county from haling him into criminal court. Circuit Judge Joe Eaton ruled that the caboose must go and that the county should pay Phillips \$975 for his trouble. Neither side liked that decision either, and both appealed. But the district court of appeals upheld the lower court.

Last week, in an effort to settle the whole scrap, the Metro Commission voted to pay Phillips the \$975 set by Judge Eaton and accept the injunction that ordered him to remove the caboose. Phillips reluctantly agreed to go along. Looking back on the long fight, he says he would have preferred to be prosecuted in criminal court as a zoning law violator. He feels that then he might have pleaded his case before a jury that would have been more sympathetic than his neighbors.

COURTS

Something Mother Would Like

It is one of the proudest tenets of American law that any accused person is innocent until proved guilty. Yet each year thousands of Americans who have been charged with a crime but not yet brought to trial spend weeks and sometimes months in prison. They stay behind bars simply because they cannot afford the price of bail. In an effort to correct the inequities of a practice that, in effect, discriminates against the poor, 450 judges, district attorneys, lawyers, and police from all 50 states gathered in Washington for the first National Conference on Bail and Criminal Justice.

The conferees were all too familiar



SCHWEITZER WITH PRISONER & VERA STAUFFER
A new key to justice.

with the problems. Most judges set bail according to the crime. They give little consideration to a defendant's background, character or financial status. And the man who holds the key to freedom is not even a member of the court; he is a professional bondsman, in business to make money, understandably leary of poor defendants who can neither put up collateral nor pay the usual fee: \$100 for each \$1,000 of bail. But what to do about it? By far the most impressive answers came not from a lawman but from a retired chemical engineer named Louis Schweitzer, who reported on a bold new experiment that may soon revolutionize the U.S. bail system.

Interview Through Bars. It all started 31 years ago when Schweitzer, now 65, met New York City Prison Commissioner Anna Kross, who took him to visit a Brooklyn detention prison. He was shocked by the large number of pretrial prisoners and donated \$70,000 to set up the Vera Foundation, which he named for his mother (because "I thought she would have liked what I was doing"). In cooperation with the New York University Law School, Schweitzer's foundation set up the Manhattan Bail Project, which has been operating for 31 months on a trial basis in Manhattan Criminal Court. Each morning, after the newly arrested prisoners are herded into the detention pen to await pretrial hearings, a team of Vera staffers, who by night are N.Y.U. law students, conduct interviews through the bars. If a prisoner scores well on a four-page, detailed questionnaire—job, family status, previous convictions, etc.—Vera staffers quickly verify his story



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SPALDING
CHICOPEE, MASS.

by telephoning friends and employer. If it checks out, they rush a one-page recommendation to the judge, asking that the prisoner be "released on his own recognizance"—freed on his own promise to return for trial.

In the project's early months, Vera staffers cautiously recommended the release of only 30% of the prisoners interviewed; now they intercede for 60%. At first the judges followed the foundation's advice in only half of the cases, but now they turn loose 70% of the prisoners for whom Vera vouches. This remarkable trend is based on equally remarkable results. Of the 2,300 prisoners—ranging from muggers to embezzlers—that Vera has recommended for release, less than 1% have failed to show up for trial v. a 3% no-show rate in Manhattan for defendants who were free on regular bail.

Beautiful & Unbutchered. Even Vera's most enthusiastic supporters do not claim that the new system will work in all cases, and Vera itself avoids homicide, sex and narcotics offenses as too risky to handle. But the success of the project strongly suggests that many indigent defendants can be turned loose by sidestepping the old concept of money bail and substituting character checks and supervision (Vera sends special letters and makes telephone calls to remind the defendants to show up for trial). The Vera system would not only greatly reduce the cost of jailing pre-trial prisoners—\$10 million annually in New York City—but would also give defendants a better chance to prepare their defense, allow them to continue to work and support their families while awaiting trial, and avoid placing on the unconvicted the onus of serving time.

New York City in January decided to adopt Vera procedures for all its criminal courts. Experiments with the system have also been started in eight other major cities, including Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and Attorney General Robert Kennedy is encouraging federal courts to release more prisoners without bail. Reflects Louis Schweitzer: "There is an old saying, 'nothing is so terrible as watching a beautiful thing being butchered by brutal facts.' But this is one time when the facts came out as beautifully as the theory."

DECISIONS

The Ancient Right of Cows

The sight of Farmer Austin Stottlenmyer's 50 handsome Holstein cows moseying down the main street of Antietam Furnace might have seemed properly bucolic to a casual visitor. But not to the natives of the little (pop. 51) Maryland village. Stottlenmyer was careful to obey the state law—one farm hand walked in front of the herd and one behind—but the villagers complained that the cows obstructed traffic, trampled flower beds, and left a trail of manure that was not only tracked into

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FARMER STOTTELMYER'S HERD IN TOWN
The winners.

houses but sometimes caused children to slip and fall perilously close to passing cars. On their way between barn and pasture, the cows even poked their heads into the village store and let go with a loud moo. The citizens of Antietam Furnace took their case to the circuit court in nearby Hagerstown, won a ruling closing the road to the cows. But Stottlemeyer appealed.

Last week the cows won a decisive victory. Ruled Maryland's Court of Appeals: "The age of the auto has not eliminated the ancient right. We think that the villagers have shown that the periodic bovine excursions and their lingering residue occasion some inconvenience and annoyance to them. But the obstruction of traffic for a few minutes, the presence of manure on the highway and the occasional tracking of it into buildings are not inconveniences serious enough in a rural community to call for the restraining power of a court."

THE SUPREME COURT

On Oath

"Is it subversive to attend international conventions and exchange views with scholars from Communist countries?" It could be. "Could one support participation by this country in world government?" Maybe not. Such interpretations would not be farfetched, warned Justice Byron White, if the Supreme Court let stand two state of Washington loyalty oaths which required a state employee to swear that he was not a "subversive person" and would "promote undivided allegiance to the Government." A majority of the justices agreed with White, and the Supreme Court last week declared the vague Washington oaths unconstitutional. Noting that the court had upheld a similar Maryland statute, dissenting Justice Tom Clark found his colleagues' change of heart "unfortunate." Justice White's worries, he complained, "extract more sunbeams from cucumbers than did Gulliver's mad scientists."

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MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Way Out to Play

Children poured into the playground and found two jet planes, a tank and three trolleys, an 1870 locomotive, a Coast Guard tug, an amphibious craft, a fire engine, a Marine obstacle course and a soapbox racing track. There were some old-fashioned things too—basketball courts, swings and seesaws.

This child's vision of Eden is the new John F. Kennedy Playground, which opened in Washington last week. The idea came from Attorney General Robert Kennedy after a drive through one of the city's most depressed areas, which had almost no recreational facilities. He studied the problem, developed plans, and chose O. Roy Chalk, the energetic president of the D.C. Transit System, to raise the \$200,000 needed for construction. But the most inspired idea cost nothing: to ask the armed forces to donate some obsolete tanks, planes, and ships. They happily complied. Chalk has now set up the National Committee on Playgrounds for Young America, hopes to raise \$2,500,000 to duplicate the playground in other cities.

The Monster & Friends. The Kennedy Playground is only the latest variant in a slow latter-day transformation of the old slide and swing. The slides are now apt to be shaped like oversized caterpillars, and space stations, poly-blocks and geodesic domes are standard equipment in better playgrounds across the U.S. "Creative play" is one of the country's newest fancies.

Oakland, Calif., has a \$65,000 Fairyland with supertize Mother Goose characters and a clocktower slide; a 30-ft. sculpture called "The Monster" whose innards are littered with caves and

slides; a series of structures made of wooden piles and culvert pipe, imaginatively painted and arranged; a Western frontier town (with a tombstone inscribed "As You Stand Now So Once Was I").

Philadelphia's twelve-year-old playground program has cost \$30 million, is generally acknowledged to be the most successful in the country. No two of the city's 347 recreational facilities are identical: one has a series of concrete castles, one a squirrel house, another a spray pool. Newest equipment includes a 25-ft.-high rocket to the moon (with a helpful slide back to earth) and a gigantic turtle made of pipe and concrete. A big draw at the Penn Valley playground in Kansas City, Mo., is a magnificent woodpile composed of a series of tree trunks embedded in concrete under sand to form an intricate jungle gym. Even small towns are adopting the new gadgets. The town of Warner Robins, Georgia, for instance, has constructed a new 13-unit obstacle course of slides and balance beams, installed a couple of whirl merry-go-rounds.

Splinters in the Dust. Chief holdout is old New York. In a memorable exchange in 1948, Architectural Critic Lewis Mumford accused Park Commissioner Robert Moses of creating playground spaces "that are merely leftovers, bleak asphalt wastes, marks of an absence of human interest and an almost positive distaste for beauty." To parents' demands that sawdust be substituted for cement, Park Commissioner Newbold Morris replied with a pungent comment on the problems of the great big city. "Sawdust gets full of splinters, broken glass, empty cigarette packages and debris. We're experimenting with a rubber compound, but it's been ripped with knives. We have \$450,000 a year in willful damage to park property."

In an effort to smuggle some imaginative ideas into the city, Architect

Louis Kahn and Sculptor Isamu Noguchi have produced a design for a \$1,000,000 playground to be carved out of Riverside Park. Proposed as a memorial to the late Philanthropist Adele R. Levy, the layout includes a grass-covered amphitheater, a pyramid and some handsome free-form sculptures designed to tempt the clambering young. But by the time the park engineers, the evaluators, the experts and the mayor are through with the plans, many a moppet may well have hair gone grey at the temples.

DESIGN

When Big Meets Small

Cars spun along the strip, crashed, smashed, shattered, splintered, and stopped in a downpour of metal and glass. It looked like Indianapolis all over again, but the site was East Haddam, Conn., the event no sport but an experiment in automobile survival staged by the state police department to prove its contention that small cars are more vulnerable than standard models.

The test consisted of driving a big car head on into a stationary small car, and vice versa. Photographs taken at the moment of collision were enough to alarm any small-car owner—and did when they were reproduced in newspapers across the country. Dauphines, Volkswagens and Saabs were devastated, while the bigger Buicks, Fords and Pontiacs came out of the wrecks relatively unscathed. Connecticut State Police Commissioner Leo J. Mulcahy, who planned the project, pronounced the tests conclusive and declared: "We want to create buyer resistance to small cars

BILL WARD—UPI



T-33 JET IN WASHINGTON



WOODPILE IN KANSAS CITY



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and to arouse . . . public awareness of the dangers of riding in small cars."

"Foul!" There were instant shouts of "foul!" Safety engineers complained that the demonstration was longer on publicity value than on detached scientific measurements. Renault President Vincent Groh called the experiment "biased, proving only that if a big, heavy object can be directed to hit a small object, the small object can be hurt." U.S. compact-car makers, who have long resented being lumped with foreign-made economy cars in statistical surveys, discreetly pointed out that the only U.S.-made compacts involved in the Connecticut tests (two Falcons and a Rambler) had emerged in comparatively good condition—but naturally, these nondramatic collisions did not make for dramatic photographs.

More impressive than Mulcahy's flashy tests are some sober statistics compiled in recent months by various state authorities. A survey made last year by Illinois' Bureau of Traffic reported that the death rate of compact and small-car drivers was double the death rate of other passenger-car drivers. A similar report by Maine, published in April, showed a fatality rate for persons in compacts (defined as cars under 3,000 lbs.) that is 51 times as great as that of full-size cars. Studies of the California Highway Patrol found that small-car occupants suffer a far higher rate of injury or death in accidents. "Compact and foreign cars," says Michigan Highway Commissioner John C. Mackie, "may be socially desirable in some parts of the country, but they are a nuisance. Less weight and less acceleration make a car less safe."

Nimble & Lethal. In rebuttal, the small-car men have an impressive case: small cars do not get into as many accidents. The Maine and California surveys corroborate the contention; both report that the big cars have a substantially higher accident rate. Because the small-compacts have relatively modest engines, their drivers do not feel that heady sense of power that tempts teen-agers and frustrated males to reckless speed, which is admittedly the principal single cause of accidents.

The small car can swerve faster, stop

shorter. And perhaps because of this nimbleness and humility, small-car drivers mow down far fewer pedestrians and bicycle riders than their big brothers. Insurance companies bear out the argument. Most offer a 10% discount to drivers of small-compact cars, based on "lower bodily injury and property damage because of the smaller size and weight and related safety factors."

In the end, the argument seemed a standoff. The Detroit Free Press observed: "We're not sure the [Connecticut] findings get anywhere. For it we assume the necessity of collisions, then every driver should logically try to get a car heavier than his neighbor's—leading in the end to a battle tank with Airfoam upholstery and dual headlights." Alternatively, small-car makers might demand a restriction on big cars, on the ground that they may be safer for their occupants but far more lethal to others.

Conclusion: the driver of a small car is less apt to have an accident. In an accident, the driver of a big car is better off, but he may do in more victims.

THE FAMILY

Not So Explosive

While the rest of the world frets over the population explosion, the most recent statistics issued by the U.S. Public Health Service show that the U.S. birth rate is in a decline. The general fertility rate—the number of births per 1,000 women between the ages of 15 and 44—was down to 104.0 v. 107.2 for the previous March. Furthermore, this drop continues a two-year trend. Only 337,000 live births were recorded in the month of March—6,000 fewer than last year and the smallest total number for the month since 1955.

The Health Service was frankly baffled, pointing out that "the age composition of the female population, with increasing numbers of women entering the childbearing ages, is favorable to a higher level of fertility." Unofficial guessers attributed the decline to World War II girls born in the 1946 baby boom are only now approaching the commonest marrying age) and the introduction of oral contraceptives.

Your watch was destined to be wrong. Accutron is not.



Old-fashioned watches
using a still-used mechanical
movement must be
worn every second day to
keep them accurate.



Accutron watches use a
tuning fork and electronic
circuitry to keep time.
They are accurate and
easy to wear.

Sooner or later, the watch you have is going to take more or less than 24 hours to get through the day.

This is because a watch is a small piece of machinery with parts that make other parts do things.

Now, this is a clumsy arrangement, compared to the things they're doing with electronics these days. And the Accutron movement is electronic.

A battery sends power through a circuit to operate a tiny tuning fork.

Time is kept by vibrations of this tuning fork. There are 360 of these vibrations a second, which is splitting a second into pretty small pieces.

You can imagine how precise a timepiece this makes.

We guarantee average daily accuracy within 2 seconds.* And that's just the guarantee. Many owners say their error is only 1 second or none at all.

And now the U.S. Government is using Accutron movements in satellites and has issued them to all X-15 pilots.

They all seem to be pretty high on it.

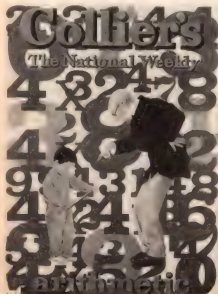
ART

ILLUSTRATORS

Grand-Prop

The pop art of 50 years ago had an attribute not shared by the pop art of today: it was popular. The most popular of the artists of that time, Maxfield Parrish, now 93, painted book illustrations and calendars that were reproduced by the millions. College boys hung his works in their rooms amidst a clutter of crew oars, fencing foils and mooseheads. From a first cover for *Harper's Weekly* in 1895, he painted on to become the country's best-paid artist.

Parrish's gnomes and damsels, straight out of King Arthur and tem-



"ARITHMETIC" (1912)

pered by romantic Pre-Raphaelite gentility, adorned the covers of *Collier's*, *Century* and *Scribner's*. His best-known commission (around \$50,000) was a 28-ft.-long mural of Old King Cole for the merry old souls in the bar of John Jacob Astor's Hotel Knickerbocker, which can still be seen in Manhattan's Hotel St. Regis. Medieval nobility was a deathless theme for Parrish; even the caption for his 1921 Jell-O ad ran: "The King and Queen might eat herof and Noblemen besides." Parrish was indeed, the pop artist of his era.

What ever could bring Parrish back? None other than the pop promoter of this era: Lawrence Alloway, nimble curator of Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum. Alloway has escorted a show of Parrish's work from far-out Bennington College to Manhattan's conservative Gallery of Modern Art, where last week 52 Parrishes went on view.

Alloway gave his highest praise to Parrish: "Behind a screen of high technique, Parrish is master of the cliché, of the image of the moment." But perhaps even more could be said in his favor.

The artist's famous "Parrish blue," a highly glazed ultramarine over sleek gesso, still glows with an outer-space beauty. His overly graceful figures, like fashion models, strut and stretch, as clearly defined against grainy color backdrops as they were modern hard-edge images given fingers and toes. Only the brooding golden backlighting that makes theaters out of Parrish's scenarios bespeaks a pre-neon sensibility.

At his Cornish, N.H., home, where he has lived for more than 50 years, Parrish is plainly baffled: he thinks of himself as *derrière-garde*. "How can these avant-garde people get any fun out of my work?" he asks. "I'm hopelessly commonplace." He couldn't have picked a more fashionable word.

ANTIQUITIES

The Sun-Colored Metal

To the sun-worshipping Indians of the Americas before Columbus, gold was not so much precious as sacred. The Incas of Peru used it freely in wall coverings, in breastplates, in artificial



MAXFIELD PARRISH

Out of the commonplace into the blue.

flowers, in provision for tombs—never thinking of it as rare, always stressing the religious emotion they felt from gold's sunlike luster.

To the avaricious Spaniards, gold was simply rare and therefore of monetary value; when a nation had enough, it became rich. The Indians were astonished at this attitude, and surmised that the white men had some physical disease that could only be cured by gold. The Inca Emperor Atahualpa had to ransom himself from the swinish Spanish Adventurer Pizarro with a roomful of the stuff—13,000 lbs., all told. (For his pains, Atahualpa was strangled.) Indifferently, the Spaniards melted art into bullion; their pillage increased Europe's gold supply by 20%, part of which

went to finance the ill-fated Armada.

To the modern world, pre-Columbian gold again has great value apart from its content as metal: its artistic worth. For much gold remains in tombs and other archaeological sites, and every new find becomes an artistic Klondike. Laws in Mexico, Peru, Colombia, Costa Rica and Panama that attempt to curb the export of the "national patrimony" are by and large circumvented; if the gold is no longer exported in galleons, it nonetheless gets out. Last week a superb new collection of pre-Columbian art, "The World of Ancient Gold," opened at the Travel

HERBERT F. VOSS



"GARDENER" (1907)

and Transportation Pavilion at the New York World's Fair (see *opposite page*).

One of the top art exhibits at the fair, it shows how pre-Columbian goldsmiths of America beat, hammered and cast little miracles of design. For motifs they used the swamp and sea creatures that they knew best—the frog, snake, shark, turtle, crab and crocodile. These ancient masters also made the malleable metal wriggle with curvilinear life: 2-in.-thick ear plugs, nose pendants, golden mustachios that covered the mouth. They drank from gold goblets and spangled themselves with baubles that were hinged to bounce in the light. They abstracted condors into broadtailed triangles and sought symmetry in two-headed animals.

The show is the work of John Wise, a scholarly, self-effacing New York dealer and collector, and Peter Pollack, former director of the American Federation of Arts. For 75¢ admission, the viewer sees 500 pieces of gold worth \$3,000,000 on the art market, stunningly shown in window-cases designed by Gene Moore, display director for Fifth Avenue's Tiffany & Co. Through it all shines the innocence of the pre-Columbian artist, who comes out vindicated in his greatness, as predicted by an early Spanish chronicler: "Thus the Sun taught his people how to be kings and lords over all."

JEWELS FROM THE ISTHMUS



1,700-YEAR-OLD MONKEY WITH TWO HEADS (TOP), GOLDEN BEETLE AND SOARING CONDOR (RIGHT) AS WELL AS TOOTH-SHAPED PENDANT AND RING-TAILED SCORPION WERE FOUND IN PANAMA. SERPENT AND CROCODILE (UPPER LEFT) ARE FROM 11TH-CENTURY COLOMBIA

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Finest...and we've got the Gold Medals to prove it!
(that's why we've put them right on the label)

SPORT

HORSE RACING

Q & A

"Horses for courses," the old saying goes. It was never truer than last week, when a big bay who fancies Aqueduct Race Track the way most horses fancy sugar cubes, won the Belmont Stakes—thus dashing Northern Dancer's hopes of becoming the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948.

Trainer Elliott Burch worried for a week before he decided to enter Quadrangle in the race. Paul Mellon's handsome colt has the look of a classic horse: at 16.1 hands and 1,100 lbs., he is one of the biggest three-year-olds in the U.S. And he has breeding to match: his sire, Cohoes, won stakes at two, three and four, and his dam, Tap Day, was a daughter of Calumet Farm's great Bull Lea. But in the Kentucky Derby, Quadrangle finished fifth behind Northern Dancer; in the Preakness, the best he could do was fourth. Still, Burch decided to gamble, and the deciding factor might well have been Quadrangle's record at the Big A: four firsts, one second in five starts.

Worst of the Three. But try and tell that to the fans. On race day, 61,215 of them—biggest crowd in the Belmont's 96 years—were in the stands, and Northern Dancer, at 4 to 5, was clearly the people's choice. Why not? The Canadian-bred colt had won the Derby and Preakness with ease. The only thing against him was history. At 13 m., the Belmont is the longest of the Triple Crown races, and in the 15 years since Citation, odds-on favorites have lost seven times. Two, like the Dancer, were trying for a triple: Tim Tam in 1958 (a broken-legged second),

and Carry Back in 1961 (a dismal seventh).

At post time, the odds against Quadrangle were 13 to 2. Jockey Manuel Ycaza thought that was pretty funny. "This is a free-running colt," he said. "He can beat any horse in the country." As if to prove it, he urged Quadrangle into the lead at the start, then eased up. Other horses pounded past: California's Hill Rise (2 to 1) and long-shot Orientalist (42 to 1) dueled for the lead; Quadrangle slipped back to fourth, and Northern Dancer was running fifth. Suddenly, Orientalist began to bear out from the rail. "I saw that big hole," said Ycaza, "and I said to myself, 'You can steal this race.'" In a wink, Quadrangle zipped past the leaders and opened up a one-length lead.

Carnations for Two. On the outside, aboard Northern Dancer, Jockey Bill Hartack made his move, closed to within a neck. "I leaned over and talked in the horse's ear," said Ycaza. "I kept saying, 'Let's get the Belmont. Let's get the Belmont.' Then I hit him twice." Quadrangle pulled away like an Atlas leaving the pad. At the wire, he was two lengths ahead of Roman Brother, six ahead of Northern Dancer. Jockey Ycaza plucked two white carnations from the wreath around Quadrangle's neck. "One for my wife," he explained, "and one for little Manuquito." For himself, Ycaza plucked something even sweeter: a 10% slice of the \$110,850 winner's purse.

TRACK & FIELD

The Prince of Put

Into the shotput circle at California's Occidental College strode Dallas Crutcher Long III, known to his friends as the Prince of Whales. Hefting a 16-lb. iron ball in one hammy hand, he crouched low, tucked the ball behind his right ear, and began to inch back his left foot like a second-story man feeling his way down a ladder in the dark. Suddenly, he dipped and flung himself bodily across the ring. A grunt, a gasp—the shot soared through the air and thudded into the turf 66 ft. 31 in. away. For the second time in twenty days—and the third time this spring—Dallas Long had smashed the world record in the shotput.

Strongest Ever. At 23, Long is no longer the fuzzy-cheeked, 255-lb. prodigy who stunned track experts by tying Parry O'Brien's world mark in 1959 when he was only a freshman in college. Married and a father now, he has put on 10 lbs., and his graduate studies in dentistry keep him busy 60 hours a week. He competed only twice all last season, and his haphazard practice sessions this year are limited to two nights a week. "It's always in the dark," says Long. "I used to climb the playground



SHOTPUTTER LONG
Practice in the dark.

fence at the grammar school down the block, but the night watchman didn't like that much. So now I use a piece of sidewalk in the park."

Out of shape or not, Long is still the strongest shotputter who ever lived. In four years at the University of Southern California, he topped 60 ft. an astonishing 69 times, won three straight N.C.A.A. championships, and capped his senior season with a record toss of 65 ft. 10½ in. Nobody has approached that mark since—except Long himself. Last April he got off a put of 65 ft. 11½ in. And one day last month, he showed up at the West Coast Relays in Fresno, limping on a bandaged left foot. "I was working out with pulley weights," he explained. "They weren't heavy enough for me, so I had a guy standing on them. The darned steel cable snapped when the weights were all the way up. They came crashing down on my foot—and drove it into the floor like it was a nail." Whereupon Long warmed up by hurling the shot 65 ft. 3 in. on his first try, then uncorked a toss of 66 ft. 7¼ in.—a full 8½ in. over his own listed world record. But it went for naught: Fresno officials had unaccountably neglected to put a steel ring around the shotput circle as international rules require.

Prospect of Gold. The bait that lured Long back into competition this season, of course, is the prospect of a gold medal at the 1964 Olympics. He will not lack for competition in Tokyo. Randy Matson, a 19-year-old Texas A. & M. freshman, already has a 64 ft. 10½ in. throw to his credit this spring. But by the time the Olympics roll around, Long may be hurling that 16-lb. ball all the way into orbit. "I've always felt that somebody would hit 70 ft. some day," he says. "And the way I'm going, I ought to do it this year."



QUADRANGLE WINNING BELMONT STAKES
Thievery on the track.

BASEBALL

The Man Nobody Wanted

The rightfielder of the Minnesota Twins is a hoax. He calls himself Tony, but his name is Pedro. He has claimed to be 27, but he is really 22. He swings a bat as though he were waving goodbye to his grandmother. And he is probably the only ballplayer in the major leagues who got turned down twice by the minors. But none of that is likely to keep Tony—or Pedro—Oliva from becoming Rookie of the Year and, just possibly, the only player in history to win the American League batting championship in his first big-league season.

The son of a back-country Cuban plantation worker, Oliva was barely 19 when the Twins' man in Havana spotted him in 1960 and offered him a minor-league tryout. He jumped at the chance. Trouble was, he needed a passport, and Cuba being Cuba, that involved all sorts of red tape. So Pedro simply borrowed his brother Tony's—and has been using his brother's name ever since.

Down to the Os. The tryout was a washout. After three days, the Twins offered him—free—to the National League's Houston Colts. The Colts turned him down too. At that, Oliva went to visit a buddy who was playing for the Charlotte, N.C., Hornets—a Twins farm club. The Hornets didn't want him either. Out of charity, the general manager got Tony a berth on the Wytheville, Va., Twins, a Class D team in the Appalachian Rookie League. And all of a sudden Tony started hitting baseballs with his unconnected swing.

That first year at Wytheville, he clouted ten homers, drove in 81 runs, and hit .410 for the season—highest batting average in all of organized baseball. Tony had to learn how to field from the first grade up, but he batted .350 at Charlotte in 1962, .304 at Dallas-Fort Worth in 1963, .365 in the Puerto Rican League last winter, won a starting berth with the Twins this spring. In his first 100 trips to the plate, he collected 43 hits, and his average has not dropped below .380 since. Last week Oliva was leading the American League in batting (.389), runs (41), hits (77), doubles (12) and triples (5), and ranked sixth in home runs (with 11).

There is always a chance that opposing pitchers will find some way of getting Tony out. Nothing yet has worked—not even the ultimate weapon. Pitchers call it the "brushback"; batters call it a beanball. It is the highest compliment a pitcher can pay a hitter, and Oliva has been getting a lot of fan mail from the mound. He has eaten dirt at least a dozen times this spring. Things have reached such a stage, in fact, that Twins Manager Sam Mele has ordered retaliatory measures. "Anybody knocks Tony down, he gets knocked down himself," he tells Twins pitchers.

Out Like a Marble. "It nothing happens to upset that natural ability," says Mele. "Tony can be one of the game's



SLUGGER OLIVA

Fan mail from the mound.

great hitters." Only one bad thing seems remotely likely to happen to Oliva: choking on a chuckle. A gold tooth gleams in his constant smile, and his laugh explodes like a marble popping out of a bottle of ginger ale. Tony's English is still practically nonexistent, and he is just beginning to learn his teammates' names. "Big Powder," he calls fellow Cuban Vic Power.

As for opposing players—well, that is just too much to ask. One day, recalls Power, the Twins were debating the merits of Cleveland Pitcher Mudeat Grant. "Tony says, 'Who is this Mudeat? Who is Mudeat?' I tell him, 'Why, you just got two hits off him.' Tony just smile. He don't know Mudeat. He don't know Bob Feller. He don't know Ty Cobb. He don't know nothing. He just smile and show that gold tooth."

A Third for Sandy

The Dodgers were in the doldrums. All spring long, Los Angeles' world champions had been mired deep in the second division. Their fielding was sloppy, their hitting spotty. The biggest disappointment of all was Pitcher Sandy Koufax, 28, whose golden left arm accounted for 25 victories in 1963. Sandy was having arm trouble. He had won

only five games, while losing four, and Manager Walter Alston even demoted him briefly to the bullpen.

Last week, against the league-leading Philadelphia Phillies, Sandy roared back to demonstrate that the scorer's K still stands for Koufax. In nine innings, he faced only 27 men—the absolute minimum. Twelve Phillies struck out, and the only one who reached base at all was Richie Allen, who walked in the fourth inning, was thrown out trying to steal second. With the Dodgers leading 3-0 and two out in the bottom of the ninth, Sandy faced Phillies Shortstop Bobby Wine. The first pitch was a ball, and Wine fouled the second off the leg of Plate Umpire Ed Vargo. Wincing with pain, Vargo called time out—and the tension mounted. "Play ball!" he finally called. Wine whiffed at a second strike. Then, Sandy wound up, kicked his right leg high into the air—and burned a fastball straight across the heart of the plate. Koufax walked off the mound, the fourth player in history to pitch three no-hit games.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

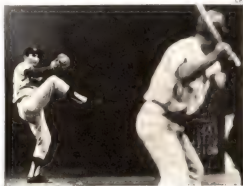
► Rice University Star Fred Hansen: a new world record in the pole vault, with a leap of 17 ft. 1 in. (the old record: 17 ft. 2 in., by Miami's John Pennell), at a track meet in Houston.

► Oregon's Dwyll Burleson: a one-stop victory over Loyola of Chicago's Tom O'Hara in the mile run at the Compton, Calif., Relays. Burleson was clocked in 3 min. 57.4 sec., and the next seven finishers all cracked 4 min. too. Wichita's Jim Ryan, 17, came in eighth at 3 min. 59 sec.—fastest time ever recorded by a high school miler.

Who Lost

► The New York Mets: the longest single game (7 hrs. 23 min.) and the longest doubleheader (9 hrs. 52 min.) in history, both to the San Francisco Giants, before 57,037 supersaturated fans—biggest crowd of the 1964 season—at New York's Shea Stadium. The first game was a regulation nine-inning affair, and the Giants won 5-3. But the nightcap went 23 innings before Catcher Del Crandall, only able-bodied man on the Giant roster (except pitchers) who had not yet played, drove in the winning run with a pinch double to give San Francisco an 8-6 victory.

► Frank ("Pop") Ivy: his \$23,000-a-year job as coach of the American Football League's Houston Oilers, to onetime Passing Whiz Sammy Baugh—whom Ivy had hired as an assistant coach two weeks before. "This town just doesn't go for losers," explained Owner Bud Adams, whose Oilers won 17 games, lost 11 in Ivy's two seasons.



DODGER KOUFAX (THROWING LAST PITCH)

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THE PRESS

PUBLISHING

Apartness in Cincinnati

Although Cincinnati's two papers, the morning *Enquirer* and the evening *Post & Times-Star*, both belong to the Scripps-Howard chain, they stand about as far apart as they can get. Each has its own plant, its own staff and even its own editorial course. In 1958, for example, the *Enquirer* endorsed Republican C. William O'Neill for Ohio Governor, while the *Post* plumped for Democrat Mike Di Salle. Separation was part of a calculated Scripps-Howard effort to allay suspicions of monopoly, and to demonstrate that competition can flourish even in a one-ownership newspaper town. Last week Scripps-Howard's Ohio stronghold was under Government siege. In a suit filed in Federal District Court in Cincinnati, the U.S. Department of Justice's antitrust division demanded that the *Enquirer* be severed from Scripps-Howard's 18-paper chain.

Monopoly by Circumstance. To Scripps-Howard's executives, Cincinnati had seemed almost the last place where the Justice Department might have been expected to strike. The chain had established its Cincinnati monopoly quite by chance. In 1956, it owned only one of the city's three competing dailies, the *Post*. Then the *Enquirer*, which had been bought from the estate of the paper's publisher by *Enquirer* employees, went back on the auction block. Scripps-Howard's bid topped that of Cincinnati's other evening paper, the independently owned *Times-Star*. In 1958, the *Times-Star*, which was losing money at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year, sold out to the *Post* and vanished into its masthead.

Scripps-Howard was thoroughly aware of the implications of its newest monopoly and set out to discourage the possibility of any Government suit. The *Enquirer*'s five-man voting trust, set up by employees in 1952 to manage the paper, was perpetuated; the chain contented itself with a minority representation of two. The chain editorials that went out from New York to all Scripps-Howard papers were not even sent to the *Enquirer*; the chain insignia, a light-house, did not shine from its pages. Only last week the *Enquirer* extended by ten years the lease on its plant at 617 Vine Street—which was not due to expire in 1967.

The Enemy. In challenging Scripps-Howard's monopoly in Cincinnati, the Justice Department passed over many likelier locales for an antitrust suit. Newspaper monopolies have become the rule rather than the exception in the U.S. Competition exists in only 52 of the 1,434 towns that publish daily newspapers. And where competition has vanished by merger, it has rarely been

permitted to survive in spirit, as it does in Cincinnati. In Memphis, for example, another Scripps-Howard monopoly town, the two papers share the same plant and the same ad salesmen.

Then why Cincinnati? Why did the Government wait eight years to file its trustbusting suit? Officially, the Justice Department was not saying, but its strategy seemed clear. "Cincinnati is a practical suit because the papers are easily separable," said a Justice spokesman. "You can get better practical relief." What this meant was that in most newspaper mergers, the two joined papers produce so hopelessly a tangle—in both production and finance—that even a victorious antitrust suit cannot sort it out.

The Justice Department also hinted that its interest in Scripps-Howard's Cincinnati monopoly had been revived by a recent "citizen's complaint"—presumably from someone who had convinced Washington that the chain's dominance in Cincinnati operated in restraint of trade. As far as the city's two papers are concerned, it will be a difficult charge to prove. "The situation here is as competitive as I can make it," said Post Editor Dick Thornburg. "If I could keep the *Enquirer* from getting the weather, I'd do it." Nor was his sentiment peculiar to the brass. Said a *Post* reporter: "We work hard to clobber the *Enquirer*, and we do. As far as I'm concerned, it's the enemy." The "practical relief" logic of the Justice Department, however, suggested that Scripps-Howard might have been less vulnerable in Cincinnati if its two papers had not been so separate.



HARTFORD AT THE OFFICE
Wanted or not.

MAGAZINES

Show Goes On

Under normal circumstances, the 238,000 subscribers to *Show Magazine* would be getting their copies of the July issue next week. But circumstances have seldom been normal on *Show*, and there is not going to be any July issue. Last week *Show*'s millionaire proprietor, A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, paid \$3,000 for an ad in the New York *Times* to explain why.

"We have been tightening our belts with a reduced staff," confessed the ad. "The undersigned, by the way, has rolled up his sleeves and is at work as Editor-in-Chief. And though we are skipping the July issue due to our reorganization, our combined July-August issue will be worth waiting for!"

Huntington Hartford's disingenuous public pitch constitutes his last-gasp effort to rescue a losing proposition. *Show* has cost him \$6,000,000 in its three years of life, and although both circulation and ad revenues are up this year, the magazine is falling into the hole by \$100,000 per issue. Hartford has tried to sell, but can't find a buyer. On the boss's orders, *Show*'s President Frank Gibney cut the staff from 70 to 30 hands and aimed at turning the corner into black ink by 1965. But then Hartford impatiently rolled up his own sleeves, and Gibney resigned. "Two people can't run this organization," said Hartford.

In his self-appointed role as shirt-sleeve journalist, Hartford has decided to open *Show*'s pages to TV coverage—a medium that Gibney resolutely ignored as beneath *Show*'s notice—and to compensate for the lost July issue with a dividend issue to be tacked onto the end of subscriptions. From now on, promised Hartford in the *Times* ad, *Show* would go out, more or less regularly, to those subscribers "who don't always get their copies, and those who keep getting them whether they want them or not."

Underlining the vicissitudes of publishing show-business magazines, *Theater Arts*, a venerable monthly of 48 years, last week was missing and presumed dead. It had not distributed an issue since January. The New York *Times* finally noticed its absence with a theater-page obituary, but others seemed less willing to say farewell to *Theater Arts* (last circulation: 50,000): neither the printer, who refused to distribute the February issue until the magazine paid an overdue bill for \$31,000; nor Editor-Publisher Byron Bentley, who kept his office open until May 28, when the phone was disconnected; nor Movie Distributor Sidney Kaufman, who has been vainly trying since last fall to buy out Bentley's interest. But unlike Publisher Hartford, no one was prepared to set a definite date for another issue.



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There are at least that many Scotch whiskies on the market. But only *one* is smoothest.

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You'll find it smooth, and satisfying.

So very smooth, so very satisfying, that Johnnie Walker Red is the largest-selling Scotch whisky in the world.



Johnnie Walker Red —just smooth, very smooth



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RELIGION



EMMANUEL (LEFT) & PHEBUS KNOLL READING TORAH WITH RABBI

JUDAISM

Synagogue with Bedrooms

Every Friday at sundown, the telephone operators at Tel Aviv's sleekly modern Hotel Deborah close down the switchboard. Guests at writing desks in the lobby put away pens and snuff out cigarettes. Desk clerks lock up the cash register. For the Orthodox Jew, all service work is forbidden on the Sabbath—and the rule is strictly observed at the Deborah, the world's largest strictly kosher hotel.

In Israel, even the big luxury hotels run kosher kitchens, but otherwise the halacha (Jewish law) is loosely observed. The Deborah, on the other hand, runs so religiously that one rival innkeeper calls it "a synagogue with bedrooms." Besides separate kitchens and dining rooms for meat and dairy dishes, there is a purifying bath, or *mikveh*, in which men immerse themselves before holidays and Sabbaths, and women after menstruation and childbirth. A staff rabbi conducts services at the hotel's own synagogue three times a day, and the chief work of hairdressers at the Deborah's beauty salon is setting the wigs of Orthodox women who usually crop their hair and keep it covered after they marry, as a sign of modesty.

Even for Gentiles. Owned by four Austrian-born brothers named Knoll, the Deborah is named after their devoutly Orthodox mother, who was so shocked by the Sabbath violations at Tel Aviv's other hotels that she insisted on building a first-rate place where Jews could stay in good conscience. Most hotels for Orthodox Jews are little better than boarding houses, but the Deborah would look impressive even in Miami Beach. Its 16 stories make it the tallest hotel in Israel, and the high quality of its food and service has even attracted Gentile guests, who are offered yarmulkes (skullcaps) to wear in the

dining rooms. Finding money to build the Deborah was no problem; the millionaire Knoll brothers own a number of corporations in Venezuela, including a construction firm, a dental supply business, an export-import company and an office-furniture factory.

What took ingenuity was figuring out how to operate a modern hotel at a profit and still provide for the 613 commandments Orthodox Jews must observe at all times. An Orthodox Jew cannot so much as press a button on the Sabbath, so the elevators are preset to go up and down automatically all day long, stopping at every floor. Since Jews can operate stoves if they are turned on before the Sabbath, all food in the kitchens is cooked before Friday sundown and then left to simmer through the night. Tearing toilet tissue is also forbidden by halacha, so Friday afternoons maids put white baskets containing separate sheets of paper in all the bathrooms. Guests may not check in or out or pay their bills on the Sabbath. Lights in the lobby are turned on and off automatically by electric clocks, but any other light left on accidentally must burn through the night, since flicking switches is forbidden. Not until Saturday sundown is the hotel's rigid observance of the law relaxed.

People Needed It. Emmanuel Knoll, 46, who is co-manager of the Deborah with his brother Phebus, estimates that his operating costs are 20% higher than those of Tel Aviv's other hotels, but he does have some compensations. The Deborah is so well regarded by Israel's Orthodox community that the rooms have been solidly booked since it opened last March; in fact, Knoll plans to build another kosher hotel in Jerusalem, to rival the thought of one in New York. But he says that he is "not out to make a business of this hotel. I put it up because I felt that religious people needed it."



TEL AVIV'S HOTEL DEBORAH
No money accepted on Saturday.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Cremation: Permissible

The early Christians abhorred cremation as a pagan practice, and ever since, the Roman Catholic Church has held that the body is not for burning. When cremation was legalized in northern Europe during the 19th century, the Catholic Church suspected an atheistic plot to discredit belief in resurrection. In 1886 the Roman Inquisition declared that Catholics who cooperated in cremation were guilty of sin, and the prohibitions were repeated in the 1917 revision of canon law.

As part of Pope Paul's creeping modernization of the church, the Holy Office has now sent an instruction to all Catholic bishops easing up on the old restrictions. The letter reaffirms the church's traditional preference for burial, but notes that there is no unchangeable dogma forbidding cremation, which thus can be authorized where national custom, economics or hygiene make it necessary.

According to one Vatican official, the Holy Office letter was issued "because there has been a change in attitudes toward burial and cremation around the world." Most non-Roman Christians long ago accepted cremation as no less reverent than interment, and Catholic theologians agree that God could just as easily resurrect a body from scattered ashes as from dry bones in a grave. The new ruling will probably be of most help to bishops in the predominantly Buddhist countries of Asia, where burial is regarded as a revolting and disrespectful custom. Japanese Catholics have already drawn up a cremation rite, and it is expected that church leaders in India, Ceylon and Burma will eventually follow suit.

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

D-Day, Ike Hour

Television serves best when it serves history, and last Friday night it made history as well. On the eve of the 20th anniversary of the invasion of Normandy, *CBS Reports* presented a program about D-day. It started by showing Omaha Beach as it looks today—bathers, volleyballs, open sky, and little boys playing in the rotted shells of LSTs. Then Dwight D. Eisenhower walked up from the water's edge and began to talk about it.

He talked for 90 minutes, with Walter Cronkite getting a word in occasionally. He talked from a Jeep while he drove it; he talked from the deck of a British frigate; he talked from the win-

Eisenhower recalled the "little grin" on the meteorologist's face when he came in announcing a break for June 6. "It was the best of a bad bargain," Ike told Cronkite. "He predicted this good weather would last between 24 and 36 hours, but I said, 'O.K., we'll go,' and this room was emptied in two seconds."

Waiting Time. With Operation Overlord in motion, there was nothing much for Ike to do but wait nervously for H-hour. Had he indeed written a message to be broadcast in case of failure? Cronkite wondered. "Well, Walter, I must tell you something, I did," said Ike. The message had read: "The landing has been a failure and it's no one's

In the village of Ste.-Mère-Eglise, he sat on a bench with the wife of the wartime mayor. She pointed to the steeple of the church and told him about a paratrooper from Wilmington, N.C., whose chute had caught on it, and how he had hung there for hours, pretending to be dead. Eventually the Germans cut him down and took him prisoner.

In the end, President Eisenhower sat in an American military cemetery at St.-Laurent-sur-Mer and, with thousands of white crosses forming a background for his words, talked about his own son, who had graduated from West Point on June 6, 1944, who had not died in the war, and who had given him grandchildren to brighten his life. There was no sentimentality in what he said, merely strong feeling for the dead who



IKE IN NORMANDY, 1964



IKE WITH 101ST AIRBORNE, 1944

"Those fellows meant a lot to me."

dow of a German observation bunker; he described the greatest show in military history from plan to execution. Often almost professionally vague as President, Eisenhower as Commanding General was a man of self-assurance and enthusiasm, reeled off statistics with computer ease, and often, as he gestured toward empty stretches of beach or water, film clips would appear, showing the precise scene 20 years earlier, jammed with the action of war.

Best Bargain. The most fascinating effect of these scenes was a matter of chronology, as the program reached back across the nearer distance of Ike's genial presidency to show a man slightly but substantially different, reliving his somewhat presidential generality in command of the corporate war. Against the background of the vast invasion, with organization reaching to the horizons, his special colloquial touch stood out retrospectively as the small force that brought the great ones to human terms and made the whole huge enterprise go so well.

Sitting in his still-preserved invasion room at Southwick House near Portsmouth, he said that the D-day he had picked was June 5, but "it wasn't in the cards. You couldn't go. The weather was terrible. This house was shaking."

fault but mine." Grinning at Cronkite, Ike shrugged. "If it did fail," he said, "I was going into oblivion anyway, so I might as well take full responsibility."

He went around to see several units of the 101st Airborne Division, and the paratroopers told him not to worry: they would button things up on arrival in France. As they took off, "I watched them out of sight," Ike told Cronkite, who asked if it were true that tears had been observed in his eyes. "It could have been possible," said Ike. "Goodness knows those fellows meant a lot to me."

On Sea & Land. But the greatness of the program was not so much in its superb vignettes as in the experience of watching Eisenhower move through them, whether he was standing on the cliffs of Pointe du Hoc remembering the Rangers ("regular monkeys") who scaled them, contemplating Omaha Beach in a light rain with water glistening on his hat and droplets forming on his nose, or looking out over the water and recalling that the landing craft had trouble "over here, where the currents were so bad."

had gone to France, as he put it, to gain nothing for themselves.

Never before in history has such an immediate and permanent record been made of a general returning to the field of a great battle and describing it in his own words, while film archives supplied scenes of the actual warfare. It was something to see.

It is too bad that CBS is so young. If it had existed 149 years ago, it might have invited Wellington to do a show on Waterloo.

STARS

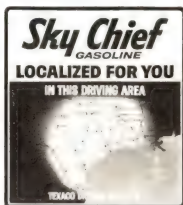
Miracle on 46th Street

Men about town, or new to it, know the Empire State Building is only a second feature. So are Shea Stadium, Madison Square Garden, the Statue of Liberty, the Guggenheim Museum, Radio City Music Hall and Central Park. For in New York City these days, the fastest, flashiest show around is at the corner of Broadway and 46th Street.

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WAITING FOR LIZ
Countdown. Blast-off. Squeal.

must jockey for position, and the crowds gather early every night of the week but Sunday. By 11, they are a good thousand strong, amiable at first, ruly and obedient. Some nibble candy bars left over from the movies, others nip from flasks. Excitement mounts. So do six policemen, onto snorting steeds. Sixteen more police get the barriers set up along 46th Street and part way across the Broadway exit. The throng fidgets; gloves drop, eyeglasses break, drunks mutter, old men complain and ask to be taken home, sophisticates yawn but stay rooted, teen-agers warm up for the squeal. Someone starts the rumors ("She's gone to Beirut, or Beverly Hills, or some place; she's not here; she's never coming; she never has been here, neither has he"). Always there are people, deposited by misfortune on the wrong block, who stumble bewilderedly down theater row, wondering aloud whether Mme. Nhu is back in town or what? But they are adventuresome souls and queue up anyway. The crowd is pushing 3,000, and each other.

Countdown. The door under the dark marquee at the Lunt-Fontanne Theater creaks open. Someone looks out, checks the field, withdraws. And then, blast off. Out of the stage door steps Elizabeth Taylor. She is wearing yellow, or lavender, or green, or rose, or some other color, never anything she has ever worn before or will again. The audience surges forward. She crosses the sidewalk in seven steps or three seconds. Hamlet follows her, not all that melancholy. She flashes a sudden dazzling, billion-

He need not be. When he was out with an abysmal tensil for two performances last week, roughly 40% of the ticket holders demonstrated that they had come to hear Richard Burton or nobody, demanded their money back.



Titan III-C trips to outer space will start here

The Titan III-C rocket will boast $1\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds of thrust, four times the power of the Atlas that put the Mercury astronauts into orbit. When the Air Force prime contractor needed a special vehicle to handle Titan III-C 40-ton rocket motor segments, they gave the job to Development Division of Clark Equipment. A big vehicle, but no real problem. After all, who knows more than Clark about how to build material handling vehicles? Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

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dollar smile and slips into the limousine purring in wait at the curb. It pulls out slowly, flanked by mounted policemen on either side, and creeps leisurely down the center of the street. From the back seat she smiles again, lifts a hand and delivers a wave the way Elizabeth II never properly learned.

By 11:40, the cortege reaches Broadway and vanishes into the dark. Shrieks long since shrieked hover in the air like radioactivity, echo along the empty trail. The moment is gone, the brief encounter between man and myth is nothing but memory. Manhattan's greatest spectacle is over. But only for the night. With *Hamlet* held over until August and nine weeks still to go, his lady is sure to keep the show off the road and onto the street.

BROADWAY

Farce de Frappe

When the girls of the Folies-Bergère filled out questionnaires for the benefit of the American press, many listed their measurements as 90-60-90. Mere reporters have seldom been entrusted with information of such magnitude. But with a second long look, they realized that the girls were only thinking in centimeters.

That about says it for the Folies-Bergère: in one sense, it promised to be the biggest bust in memory, and in another it is. The French revue of flesh and spectacle opened last week in Manhattan. Even beforehand, Peeping Toms began to swarm and cluster around the Broadway Theater because they had heard that some of the girls were rehearsing without so much as a sequin to outflash their natural splendors. But, alas, even a relatively small sequin could do just that.

Near the outset, the girls begin to yip like Chippewas and throw their skirts in the air while the orchestra saws out some Offenbach, and they kick up their legs in what can be precisely described as the can't-can't. Georges Ulmer, the man who wrote the ballad *Pigalle* and who acts as M.C., tells a joke: "The Folies-Bergère is an old institution, nearly 100 years old. Of course, lately we have changed some of the girls." He does not say which ones, and without radioactive carbon it is absolutely impossible to tell.

The overall evening is actually part fraudville and part vaudeville, and the vaudeville is quite good. A skillful little dog stands on one paw on its master's outstretched thumb. A girl spins and whirls in the middle of a rope whose ends are held in the teeth of two men. The sexiest item of the evening is a strip-teasing marionette, who bumps, grinds, twists, and removes her bra to reveal the best shape on the hot side of the footlights. Patachou, the evening's headliner, is a once-great stylist who still has a touch of Piaf—but not enough.

France has stung America with a *farce de frappe*.

Look who's blowing our horn!

Travel writers and connoisseurs say the nicest things about Great Northern's Incomparable Empire Builder!

While we never seem to tire of talking about Great Northern's Empire Builder, it's indeed pleasant to know that spreading the word about this fine transcontinental train doesn't depend solely on our own rhetoric.

Here, on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of this famous train, are a few samples of the kind of flattering things that widely-traveled writers have said about us:

Lucius Beebe, author and rail buff, says this in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "Hiding the Empire Builder is a major event in the life of any train aficionado. It is, indeed, an incomparable train, immaculate in its construction and conduct and as impeccable in its maintenance of schedule as signal timeliness progress."

Kermit Holt, travel editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, reports that, "We're going by train, one of the truly great trains that serve the American west, where traveling for the Pacific Northwest becomes and we're riding a luxury hotel on wheels called the Empire Builder, an exciting experience for even the most blasé traveler."

It's a 2,210 railroad miles via the Great Northern from Chicago to Seattle—and exactly that many miles of pleasure, rest and relaxation, superb service, food, and accommodations, and hundreds and hundreds of miles of some of the west's most spectacular scenery.

What makes a train really great is the service, friendliness, and courtesy of its crew; the meals served in its dining car; and the scenery it travels thru. The Empire Builder scores heavily on all three.

Leavitt F. Morris, travel editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* writes about the Empire Builder, "It seems to me that one good way to see the United States and to know America is to ride the train like this. First, a transcontinental train ride provides leisure and comfort. It provides the opportunity to see both sides of America. But, more important,



it provides the opportunity for people to meet people. You meet them across your dining-car table of crisp linen and shining silver; you meet them in the Domecar, the Ranch car, the Club car, or in the observation lounge.

David P. Morgan, editor of *Trains Magazine*, says, "Aboard this transcontinental streamliner train you can sleep in a room, in your pajamas, in a 6'6" x 3-foot bed. You can eat... a full-course meal, complete with a night cap if you desire, at a table with five amenities of a menu, silverware, and a waiter—and there's a coffee shop for snacks or just a cup of coffee. You can lounge... away from your seat or berth and upstairs in 789 square feet of space under glass that affords 90-degree vision under the sun or stars..."

Gareth Hiebert, "Oliver Towne" columnist of the *St. Paul Dispatch*, writes, "For me the supreme pleasure of being alive comes on the first morning out of St. Paul, looking east on the Great Northern's Empire Builder. It is that moment when you are sitting in the cushions of the dining car, facing the crisp, snow-capped hills, ever white from the delicious aromas of breakfast. And you drag out of the window across the awesome beauty of the Montana prairie, streaked with snow and shadow."

Paul M. McMahon, travel editor of the *Milwaukee Journal* says, "Long before we reached the majestic Cascade mountains, passengers were entering in the car below the dome to enjoy cocktails. A leisurely relaxed attitude permeated the car..."

Passengers felt an intimacy with the elegant scenes through which the train passed, an experience not shared by travelers who span this area—five miles in the sky."

Wade Franklin of the *Chicago Sun-Times* declares that, "This was my first ride on that legendary transcontinental beauty, the Empire Builder, named for the giant rail builder of early days, James J. Hill. I doubt if there is a finer train in the world. You'll agree, especially if you happen to be seated in the dining car (where the food should be called cuisine) as the Great C.B. speeds along the Keweenaw's Palisades on its way to St. Paul, or through the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies in Glacier Park."

A few pertinent details!

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SCIENCE

SPACE

Casual Triumph

There was a strangely routine air about the rocket test. No exasperating, last-minute delays, no long, apprehensive countdowns—someone simply pressed a button and a dagger of pale yellow flame spewed skyward. White smoke climbed above the dry hills, and an enormous roar echoed along the California-Mexico border. After exactly 109 seconds, as scheduled, silence came back to the test stand.

It was the very casualness of the static test, the ease with which the engineers stuck to their strict schedule, that made the test so impressive. The plain cylinder, 60 ft. long and 13 ft. in diameter, made by Lockheed Propulsion Co. for the Air Force, was the biggest solid-propellant booster ever tested, and the simple fact that it developed 1,000,000 lbs. of thrust, exactly as planned, was a technical triumph. Lockheed engineers also managed to test several new rocket-motor features on their roaring monster. The casing was made of a new nickel steel, only $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick; the lining of the booster's throat, seared by exhaust gases, was made of reinforced plastic, far lighter than conventional graphite; jets

pushed into the racing exhaust to simulate steering. Each of the novelties worked perfectly on the first try.

It was all in sharp contrast to the long, costly, gingerly testing of big liquid-fuel engines, which are festooned with intricate plumbing and normally require years of development before they work properly. "Solids won't be second in the booster field much longer," said Lockheed Propulsion's President Robert F. Hurt. "One of these days the big boosters will all be solids." General Joseph S. Bleymaier, deputy commander of the Air Force's Space Systems Division, for which the engine was built, seconded the motion: "I believe this will usher in a new era of solid-propellant rocket motors."

So firm is their faith in the advantages of solids, four large rocket companies are putting millions of their own dollars into development—a rare gamble in the Government-nurtured aerospace industry. In addition to Lockheed, Thiokol Chemical Corp., maker of the Minuteman booster, has put \$12 million into a Georgia plant to build solid-propellant engines up to 21 ft. 8 in. in diameter with 3,000,000 lbs. of thrust. Aerojet-General Corp., maker of the Navy's Polaris booster, is doing the same near Miami. The United Technology Center of United Aircraft is building smaller solids at Sunnyvale, Calif. The rocketmakers are all betting high that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will eventually be forced to call on them for help.

RESEARCH

How Much Is Enough?

Is the U.S. Government spending enough money on scientific research? And is the money it does spend being spent wisely? Each year, the scientific community argues over the answers with increasing fervor, because each year the massive tools of modern research move farther out of the financial reach of universities or industry. Only the Government can foot the bill.

Few scientists complain that the men in Washington are not spending enough. But those who have turned up to testify at the hearings held by the House Select Committee on Government Research largely agree that too little Government money is being spent on basic research, too much on projects aimed at space or military hardware. "Of course, the applied-research programs in nuclear physics, space and defense are important to the national purpose," says President Lee DuBridge of Caltech. "But precisely because these programs are large, the Government's support of basic research should be larger than now. It is now inadequate to keep the topnotch people in the universities provided with funds for research and equipment."

The Federal Government, Dr. Du-

Bridge argues, is spending about \$15 billion a year on research and development, but only \$400 to \$500 million of the allotment goes to basic research in the universities. The rest of the money, says Dr. DuBridge, goes mostly into such impressive engineering projects as moon rockets. But all that work depends on discoveries made in the past, some of them generations ago. The pace of progress, says Dr. DuBridge, will slow perceptibly unless theoretical scientists, with no hardware in mind, wrest fresh knowledge from nature.

Lively Excitement. At Cambridge, Mass., where Harvard and M.I.T. anchor the spreading scientific complex along Route 128, researchers realize that they have been showered with federal riches beyond their most hopeful dreams of 20 years ago. But they are quick to point out that some fields, such as oceanography, are neglected, and astronomy, which is in a stage of lively excitement, must beg for funds.

President Kennedy's science adviser, Jerome Wiesner, who is now dean of science at M.I.T., is convinced that U.S. prosperity rests on research and that research must have unflinching federal support. "In the new era," says Wiesner, "we must support all the good research available. If we don't, our economic growth is going to falter." Harvard Professor George Kistiakowsky, who was Eisenhower's science adviser, repeats the theme: "All our wealth and affluence is based on the scientific research of the last century." Public support for science, he says, is needed to uncover new knowledge on which to base the affluence of the future.

Lost to Go. "There are people in Congress," says a leading scientist, "who feel that basic research is useless, something that scientists do to amuse themselves. So there is a tendency in Congress to cut basic research funds. When a person is budgeting, the first thing he is likely to cut out is his savings account. Basic research is like that savings account; it should really be the last to go."

Congress, says Stanford Physicist Wolfgang Kott Hermann Panofsky, will have to learn the difference between applied research (in which a man knows what he is looking for) and basic research (in which he does not). "When spending money on an applied device," he says, "you have to question the need for it. But when spending money on fundamental research that may change our whole way of looking at nature, the question of the need is premature."

Dr. Panofsky, who learned to deal in large figures as head of Stanford's \$100 million linear accelerator, believes that lavish funds expended on high-energy physics, which pries into the inner nature of matter, and on cosmology, which tries to understand the universe, will pay higher eventual returns than any applied research. "We cannot afford to be ignorant," he says, "of the most fundamental type of structure on which everything else depends."



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George Richardson inside his barn on his dairy farm in Jacksonville, Florida

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U.S. BUSINESS

MERCHANDISING

The Supermarket's Big Change

The supermarket is more than a store. It is the elegant agora of the new suburbia, the font of everything from Kix to Cheer, and the source of no small amount of corn—including the gag about the housewife whose shopping cart does \$40 an hour. The American housewife thinks nothing of spending an average \$1,200 a year in the supermarket. Altogether, U.S. food stores do a \$60 billion-a-year business, as much as the steel and auto industries wrapped together.

Supermarket business is still expanding, but it is not as super as before. Last year fewer new supermarkets opened than at any time since 1947. Sales of the ten largest chains rose only 3.3% above the 1962 mark. And the biggest of all retailers, the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., registered a decline.

Comeback on the Corner. The nationwide chains are built to the hilt and boxed in by several kinds of competition. They are often outwitted by smaller, local supermarket chains—such as Florida's Publix, Texas' J. Weingarten Inc., California's Lucky Stores—whose managers are more sensitive to neighborhood tastes and do not have to clear decisions with far-off headquarters. The chains are also being nicked by a new phenomenon, the discount food store, where housewives pick their packaged goods from open packing cases instead of neat shelves, and pay prices generally 6% below those in the chains. Most of all, the national supermarkets are giving ground to the little man they had once almost obliterated, the corner grocer.

Though many of the struggling "mom and pop" groceries have gone under, the surviving independent grocers have become bigger and smarter. They have

banded into groups, such as the mid-Atlantic region's Foodland Stores and Texas' Minimax. These buy in carload lots, rent computers to watch inventories, and hire experts to keep their books, plan their ads, remodel their stores. The "voluntary chains" increased their share of U.S. food sales from 29% in 1947 to 49% last year.

Not by Bread Alone. Much of the independent grocers' gain has come at the expense of the 4,500-link A. & P. chain, whose sales slipped 2.3% last year, to \$5.2 billion. "Image" means much in the supermarket business, and A. & P.'s image sometimes looks old. It appeals to shoppers who fondly remember A. & P. for the bargains it offered during the Depression days. But it has less attraction for the affluent 25-to-40 age group, which buys half of the nation's groceries. To tempt this younger crowd, A. & P. belatedly started distributing Plaid Stamps in more than half of its stores. But that forced the company into a 2% price rise, which only irritated the longstanding, economy-minded customers.

Lately A. & P. has started up the comeback aisle. At the cost of lower earnings, it rescinded some of the price rises. Last year it brought in a 52-year-old president, Melvin Alldredge, who, unlike Chairman John D. Ehrsgott, 68, has worked as an A. & P. store clerk and manager. And it has begun to stock more non-food items, from towels to toys, which carry markups as high as 42% v. only 16% for the edibles.

Also Decentralizing. Other national chains are diversifying beyond their bread-and-butter business. Second-place Safeway (1963 sales: \$2.6 billion) has opened a group of Super S stores that sell sporting goods and small appliances instead of groceries. Third-ranked Kroger now operates 131 drugstores. Two weeks ago, Grand Union announced a 6% sales gain to \$667 million in 1963) but credited one-sixth of its revenues to its non-food discount stores.

Many chains are decentralizing to give more authority to their store managers, are paying them as much as \$22,400 in annual salary-plus-bonus. Managers cultivate local trade with a host of gimmicks: some have opened soda fountains in their stores, and the Colonial chain offers chairs and tables for weary shoppers to rest beside the soft-drink dispensers. Stores are also staying open longer. Kroger two weeks ago started doing business on Sundays in Ohio, and Grand Union in Norfolk stays open 24 hours daily to accommodate the round-the-clock shipyard shifts.

Ironically, supermarkets are emulating the corner grocers. Chains such as Chicago's Jewel Tea Co. are experimenting with "pantries" that are one-fifth the size of usual supermarkets and are conveniently located in high-rise apartments. Bigger stores are also considering clearing their shelves of slow-moving items. They stock no fewer than 56 brands of pickles and 97 kinds of detergents, but about half hardly sell at all. The supermarketiers are now talking about making a higher profit with a smaller selection.

INVESTMENT

Charter Members in Space

Four minutes after the new stock went on sale last week at \$20 a share, its price jumped to \$27. Brokers throughout the U.S. were swamped with calls for it, and buyers even lined up in Paris. The chief underwriter—Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith—set up a bank of 32 Teletypes in Manhattan to take orders. In Washington, one sobbing woman asked whether she could sue a broker who claimed that he had no shares; in Houston, demand was ten times greater than the supply. Why the commotion? The federally sponsored



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In a \$60 billion business, all brands of competition.



LOCAL CHAIN IN NEW YORK



COMPUTER PRINTING COMSAT STOCK
Interest from Paris and Moscow.

Communications Satellite Corp. had come on the market, and investors were eager to buy a place in space.

Few seemed to care that Comsat's officers had put red warning flags all over the issue. Chairman Leo D. Welch and President Joseph Charyk cautioned that Comsat was a chancy venture that would not lift a satellite for another year or a profit for at least three. But buyers were motivated by a sense of patriotism, a desire to become charter members in an exciting enterprise, and the solid conviction that any company backed by the Government and by American Telephone & Telegraph Co. was ultimately bound to succeed. Said one Manhattan investor: "I'm buying this stock for my grandchildren."

On top of the 5,000,000 shares that it sold a fortnight ago to A.T. & T. and other communications companies, Comsat last week disposed of another 5,000,000 shares to more than 500,000 individual investors—the biggest initial distribution in history. A few customers managed to get 50 shares, but most had to be content with ten or fewer. An IBM computer system printed and registered the entire issue, saving 25,000 man-hours of work. Sales were over the counter, with regular trading on the New York, Midwest and Pacific Coast stock exchanges expected to begin in July. The market held fairly firm—Comsat closed the week at \$21.62—and the company was drawing attention in some surprising places. Next week Chairman Welch will fly to Geneva to negotiate with Russian officials, who are interested in tying up with Comsat in some way.

RAILROADS

Out of the Tunnel

People who play with trains have often been hurt, especially people who invest in railroad stocks. The Dow-Jones index of 20 railroad stocks needed a full 35 years to climb back to its 1929 high. But since it passed that mark last February, the rail average has been moving upward, reached an

alltime peak of 208.95 three weeks ago. Last week, as the stock market generally fell in a long-anticipated correction, the rail average did better than the industrials, closed at 202.50.

All the signals show that the railroads are pulling out of their tunnel. They have been sped along by recently relaxed Government policies on rates and mergers, a refreshing enlightenment on the part of some labor unions, and the railroads' own hustle.

Making Money. From a postwar low of \$7.7 billion in 1961, revenues of the nation's 102 Class I railroads rose to \$9.6 billion last year, are likely to top \$10 billion in 1964. Helped by liberal depreciation schedules and favorable tax rulings, rail profits last year achieved a six-year high of \$651 million, should climb at least another \$50 million this year, if only because the Supreme Court's ruling against featherbedding will lower labor costs. Traffic is also rising. So far this year, the roads have carried 5% more freight than in the same period of 1963, and shortages of rail cars are cropping up in some places. Freight-car makers are busier than at any time in the last six years, and their backlogs of unfilled orders for new cars are rising.

New equipment and new ideas are partly responsible for the railroads' rise. Chrysler Corp., for example, recently started shipping its models on the new three-level freight cars instead of Great Lakes steamers. "Unitized" freight trains that carry only coal and move directly from mines to power plants save Chicago's Commonwealth Edison \$5,000,000 a year. At the same time, the regulatory climate in Washington has changed. Switching from its policy of helping one form of transportation at the expense of another, the Interstate Commerce Commission has lately permitted railroads to reduce some rates to compete better against trucks and barges.

Two Live Cheaper. Probably the most meaningful change is the mellowing of attitudes toward mergers, which railroads hope may eventually save them up to \$1 billion a year. In the past two years the Government has approved two major mergers—the Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio link-up, as well as the tie between Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line Railroad. The ICC is considering 20 other proposed mergers, of which six are big. The Justice Department has raised serious objection to only one, the link-up between the nation's two largest railroads, the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. But the railroads are exempt from antitrust laws, and the ICC has the last word on mergers.

The greatest barrier to a Pennsylvania-Central merger has been labor's objection. Much of the barrier was removed last month, when the chiefs of 17 rail unions signed a job-protection deal with Pennsy Chairman Stuart Saunders and New York Central President Alfred Perlman. Terms: if the



PERLMAN & SAUNDERS
Good signs in Washington.

merger is consummated, the labor force cannot be reduced by more than 5% each year. An ICC hearing examiner will make a recommendation on the merger by year's end, and railroads are hopeful that the ICC's eleven commissioners will give the two roads a go-ahead by 1966.

ANTITRUST

Damaging Suit

In the three years since they were convicted of price-fixing, 29 electrical-equipment manufacturers have quietly agreed to pay some \$200 million to settle damage claims in more than 1,000 customer suits. Though the price seems high, it was cheap enough for keeping the cases out of the headlines and out of the courts, where settlements might well have proved costlier. Last week the first damage case did reach a court, and the outcome shocked the electric companies.

A federal jury in the U.S. District Court at Philadelphia hit Westinghouse, General Electric, Allis-Chalmers and three other manufacturers with quite a bill. To Philadelphia Electric and two other complaining utilities, it awarded damages of \$9.6 million; then Judge Joseph S. Lord III trebled the award to \$28.9 million, as the Clayton Act requires. Most important, the jury found that the utilities were entitled to damages for having been overcharged as far back as 1946, even though the original electrical-conspiracy cases covered only the 1956-60 period. The ruling stemmed from a clause in the law that suspends the statute of limitations (four years in antitrust cases) if plaintiffs can prove both that price-fixing had been practiced long before the indictment and had been "fraudulently concealed."

Lawyers for the electrical-equipment companies offered an eyebrow-raising defense. They did not deny the price-fixing conspiracy but denied that it had been "fraudulently concealed." They contended, in effect, that customers knew about the fix but that high officers of the electrical-equipment companies

THE BROKER

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LEHMAN BROTHERS

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June 2, 1964.

did not. The jury found this hard to accept.

Though the decision will not affect the damage cases that have already been settled, it may well prompt other customers to take their claims to court. Between 800 and 1,000 cases are still outstanding. Most are small, but at least two substantial claims will be brought by the Midwest's American Electric Power and Michigan's Consumers Power. The Philadelphia decision will be appealed by General Electric and Westinghouse, and probably by the other defendants. But the appeals alone could tie them up in costly litigation for years.

HENRY DOWMAN



WILLIAM ZECKENDORF

Taking a bath in hotels.

REAL ESTATE

He Webs But Seldom Naps

As head of Webb & Knapp, Inc., whose interests have spanned from Los Angeles' Century City to Manhattan hotels, rotund William Zeckendorf is known as a spectacular real estateman. His losses have also been spectacular. In 1962, Webb & Knapp dropped \$19.6 million. Last week, filing an annual statement that had been delayed so that accountants could untangle Zeckendorf's web of multiple mortgages, the company reported a disastrous 1963 loss of \$32.3 million.

While Zeckendorf reeled and dealt to cover his debt, the revenues he had expected to rescue him failed to materialize. Freedomland, a pale Bronx imitation of Disneyland, lost \$5.4 million. Place Ville Marie, a skyscraper show place in Montreal, lost another \$4.5 million, and Webb & Knapp (Canada) no longer controls it. New York's Roosevelt Field, a large shopping center and industrial park, lost \$1.2 million. Zeckendorf also took a \$4.5 million bath in his Manhattan hotels.

"Big Bill" has been working indefinitely long hours auctioning off his properties. But he admits that "results fell substantially short of expectations." Among other things, he has sold off a valuable block-square plot in New York's financial district, part of his Southwest Washington redevelopment



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Another page from the A. O. Smith story



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project, and a San Francisco site where Webb & Knapp intended to construct apartments. Last week he dealt off his right to buy Manhattan's Drake Hotel, and a British buyer was reportedly dickering for Zeckendorf's Chatham. Considering that his revenues from the Astor, Manhattan and Taft are being passed out to creditors, the only New York hotel that Zeckendorf appears to have free and clear is the Gotham.

Coming due this year are debts of \$55 million—indeed, \$31.9 million are already overdue. To cover them, according to last week's report, was a bare \$1,000,000 in cash and \$6,000,000 in accounts receivable. Up to now Zeckendorf's creditors carried him along in hopes of recovering their loans. How long will they continue to do so? On the American Exchange, Webb & Knapp was down to 37 1/2 a share, a third of what it sold for last year.



DEAK & FAVORITE COMMODITY
Cashing in on crisis.

MONEY

The World of Deaknick

He lives in a Scarsdale mansion instead of a London flat, and never ever packs a shoulder-holstered Walther PPK automatic. But there is more than a soupçon of the fictional counterspy in trim, urbane Nicholas Deak, who is the James Bond of the world of money.

Born in Hungary 58 years ago, Deak holds a doctorate in economics, can talk money in five languages, used to work for the League of Nations. A naturalized American, he spent World War II as an OSS agent parachuting into Burmese jungles to search for Japanese prisoners. On a postwar assignment, he sneaked Hungarian boxcars past the Russian occupiers to help rebuild West Germany's railways. Deak still keeps in OSS trim with a vegetarian diet, daily sprints around his own

suburban running track, and ski trips with his Viennese wife. From a paneled office (cable address: Deaknick) overlooking lower Manhattan harbor, he supervises more than 100 agents working for Deak & Co., one of the world's biggest dealers in foreign currencies.

Gamble on Change. Last week lines of tourists bought up pounds, francs and yen from Deak's Perera Co., busiest currency exchange in the U.S. and only one of Deak's skein of 20 currency "stores." The tourist trade is a small part of Deak's business; his plumpest profits come from the active shufflings of currencies in crisis. "Whenever countries are not stable," says Deak, "their currencies are heavily traded." Currency speculators and companies operating in inflation-ridden countries such as Brazil or Italy try to conserve the value of their cash by buying or selling "forward contracts" for funds, similar to commodity futures; a speculator who sold Brazilian cruzeiros short a year ago could have doubled his money. Deak trades in the contracts, gambling that fiscal and political changes will work his way.

He also collects rents for owners of foreign properties, buys up blocked accounts at bargain prices, or, on occasion, the inheritance of an heir who has trouble getting his money out of a foreign country. In such cases, Deak is in effect betting that he can get the money unfrozen later or turn a profit by using the funds inside the country. He has the right connections for it. Occasionally, governments buy and sell their own currencies through Deak, creating an artificial demand that boosts the exchange rate and bolsters national pride.

Constantly operating on the fringe of politics, Deak often gets subtle warnings of impending events. In 1962 millions of dollars worth of Indian rupees that Deak held were suddenly scooped up in Hong Kong, Beirut and Kuwait. They were purchased by agents of the Red Chinese, who used the rupees for folding money when they invaded India soon after.

Holding the Bags. Privately owned Deak & Co. issues no earnings reports. But Nick Deak happily admits that he has more than made good his boast to a wartime OSS comrade that he would open a small foreign-currency exchange, steadily expand and become a millionaire. His route to riches was, and is, tricky. Dealing in all currencies except four that are proscribed by the U.S. Government (Cuban pesos, Red Chinese yuan, North Korean won and North Vietnamese dong), Deak always risks being caught with funny money. But he rarely loses.

Deak once sat atop a bundle of old Israeli pounds that had been called in by Israel and were thought to be worthless. He managed to dispose of them in—of all places—Arab Lebanon. What happened to the money after it reached Beirut? In Deak's business, one does not ask such questions.

PERSONALITIES

THIS business is like opium—once it's in your blood, everything else is dull," muses Paramount Pictures Executive George Weltner. The habit has proved profitable for him: last week, at 62, he was promoted from executive v.p. to president. In something of a youth movement, he replaces Barney Balaban, who at 76 becomes chairman; Paramount's founder, Adolph Zukor, 91, was named chairman emeritus. Aging Paramount lost \$2,800,000 in 1962 when several films were box-office flops. Last year it was back in the black, and first-quarter '64 earnings (\$1,041,000) were almost twice as high as in the same period last year. Weltner expects further improvement, thanks to such current successes as *Becket* and *Seven Days in May*. A small, freckled man who resembles neither a movie mogul nor a matinee idol, Weltner is a chemist by training who began in the darkness during the early '20s. How did he reach the summit of Paramount's star-ringed mountain? Says Weltner, with a grin: "Longevity, that's all."



HAMER BUDGE



GEORGE WELTNER

HE is known to friends as "unbudgetable Judge Budge." As a Republican Congressman from Idaho for ten years until he was defeated in 1960, he consistently voted against Government spending and public welfare measures, stood with Southern Democrats on civil rights. Now a state judge in Idaho, he admits to being far from expert in finance. These may seem like unusual qualifications for the newest member of the five-man Securities and Exchange Commission, but last week Hamer Harold Budge got the job. President Johnson appointed him, said SEC sources, partly as a political favor to House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, the judge's longtime golfing crony. (The judge calls Halleck "Pop," while Halleck calls him "Son.") He replaces Jack M. Whitney II as the second Republican member on the commission. Idaho Republicans consider Budge "a top hand," and he will have plenty of opportunity to prove it: the SEC is drawing up a program to implement its 1963 study of stock markets, and much rulemaking lies ahead in such complex areas as brokerage commissions.

SPAIN

Closer to Europe

That arid square, that fragment nipped off from hot Africa, soldered so crudely to inventive Europe.

Thus poet W. H. Auden once darkly described Spain, but today the "arid square" of more than 30 million people is growing ever closer to the rest of Europe. Franco long ago took economic power away from the old Falangists who helped him win the civil war. Now *El Caudillo*, who fancies himself an economist and contributes occasional articles to Madrid newspapers under the pen name "Hispanicus," is steadily giving more authority to a corps of knowledgeable and enthusiastic technicians. The young economists have

before it, has at least reached the takeoff point. The 8,344-mile national railway system is being overhauled at a cost of \$1 billion. Unemployment has dropped from 8% in 1959 to 1.5%. About 400,000 men are working in neighboring nations, and the \$193 million they sent home last year, along with tourist income, more than offset a chronic trade deficit.

Franco has relaxed regulations on foreign capital, now allows outside companies to control Spanish firms and remit their profits and dividends. Such firms as Levland Motors, John Deere and Parke Davis have come in. Foreigners can now own Spanish stocks, have bought \$200 million worth of them.

New **Entrepreneurs**, Spain's economists, led by liberal Commerce Minister Alberto Ullastres, 50, intend to keep statistics climbing with a four-year development plan. Under it, production and expansion have been carefully timetabled: \$15 billion in public and private investment will be added to Spain's economy, and the gross national product, now \$13 billion, is expected to rise 26%.

The emergence of Spain's technocrats has been matched by the appearance of a tough young breed of entrepreneurs. Best-known among them is Eduardo Barreiros, 44, a onetime mechanic who built the nation's biggest automotive company, recently sold 45% of it to Chrysler for \$19 million. Onetime Bank Clerk Jose Maria Arista, 48, started a scrap-iron business as a sideline, was so successful that he opened foundries, now operates plants that turn out 60,000 tons of steel a year. At 43, Engineer Pedro Duran is the aggressive president of the country's principal ship and locomotive building firm.

Now that Franco has relaxed travel restrictions and abolished exit permits, Spanish businessmen range far across Europe. They preach that Spain is emerging from its olive-and-citrus economy and is on its way to becoming more than an appendage crudely soldered onto the inventive Continent.

WESTERN EUROPE

Almost Like Detroit

In Italy, Fiat Chairman Vittorio Valletta calls it *"un certo snobismo"*—a touch of snobism. Other European auto executives describe it in terms of sophistication or selectivity. Whatever words they use, all agree that their business is being reshaped by a significant switch: in size and tempo. Europe's auto market is following the American way. Not only are Europeans buying more cars, but they are moving up to larger, costlier, more powerful models. Says John Andrews, Detroit-trained president of West Germany's Ford Taunus: "A few years ago, Europeans were primarily interested in basic trans-



FOUR-DOOR GERMAN GLAS 1500
Away from knee crunchers.

portation. Now they want styling, roominess, convenience and power."

Running Faster, Detroit is capitalizing on the trend. Last week, adding to its investment in France and Spain, Chrysler Corp. bought a \$34 million stake in the British market by acquiring 30% of the stock of Rootes Motors Ltd., manufacturer of Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam and Singer cars. Last month Ford announced that it would spend \$400 million over the next three years to expand and modernize its European plants, and General Motors is planning to invest \$600 million in Europe over the next two years.

The U.S. automakers' investments are expanding more sharply in Europe than at home, largely because the auto market is running faster in Europe. This year U.S. auto sales are expected to rise 7% to 8,000,000, but the Common Market predicts that production within its six nations may well increase 15% to 8,750,000. Since 1958, auto production has doubled in Britain and Germany, tripled in Italy. Europe still has to run hard to catch up with the U.S., where there is one car for every 2.4 people. But the car-owning ratio has risen from one for every 18 Western Europeans half a dozen years ago to one for every eleven now.

Proliferation. Though Europe's 50-odd automakers are not quite ready to embrace Detroit's concept of planned obsolescence, the shapes and sizes of European cars are proliferating. France's Panhard turns out nine models, Citroen eight; in West Germany, Ford offers 27 models, G.M.-owned



PANHARD RELMAX IN PARIS SHOWROOM
Toward multiple choice.



AUTOMAKER BARREIROS
Up from olives and citrus.

been raising both living standards and future hopes.

Last week that fact was acknowledged by the Common Market. Because of longstanding political hostility to Dictator Franco, the Six steadfastly refuse to grant Spain the membership he badly wants. But meeting in Brussels, the Market ministers agreed to hold "exploratory talks" on joint economic problems. Spaniards, who had feared a complete turnaround and their regime's retreat to isolation, were jubilant.

The Takeoff Point. Viewed against more advanced neighbors, Spain is hardly fat. Per-capita income has risen more than 22% since 1961—but is still only \$342, against \$1,250 in France and \$1,255 in West Germany. A skilled laborer's weekly pay is a slim \$18 to \$24. Last year's pay raises, provoked in part by bitter strikes, have not been matched by productivity increases, and there is the consequent danger of recurring inflation.

But Spain, like other European na-

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NEW ISSUE

June 3, 1964

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Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

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Incorporated

Dean Witter & Co.

Opel 24 (including station wagons), Daimler-Benz 16. No firm is quite so versatile as the Glas company, a little-known family business tucked in the Bavarian village of Dingolfing. Last year it rolled out only 35,000 cars, but offered 32 models, from the tiny Gogomobil to a sports car that is said to "look like a genuine Ferrari."

The swing is away from knee-crunching tiny cars and toward five-seaters that resemble U.S. compacts. The popularity of such cars has hurt the small Volkswagen, cutting its share of the German market last year from 34% to 28%. Volkswagen's larger "1500" model is selling well enough to make up for some of the slippage, and France's Renault is reportedly retooling a bigger sister for its Dauphine and Caravelle. Fiat recently introduced a 12-ft. "850" model whose chassis is almost a foot longer than the company's basic "600" job.

Popular European cars will not grow as big as American ones—taxes, insurance rates and gasoline prices (80¢ per gal. in Italy) are too steep for that. Some other American styling idiosyncrasies will also be avoided. Many Europeans think that splashy chrome trim would only rust, and that tail fins would only make parking harder. But one latter-day American innovation has begun to take hold in Europe: the two-car family. Germany's NSU Motorenwerke plugs its tiny Prinz-4 as just the thing the hausfrau needs to drive to the supermarket while her husband has his Mercedes at the office.

SOUTH AFRICA

Beating the Ban

International economic boycotts rarely work, but few have fared worse than the boycott of South Africa by Russia and 17 African, Asian and West Indian countries. This week the United Nations' Special Committee on Apartheid will begin a two-week meeting with the aim of persuading more nations to bar trade with South Africa. The world, says Committee Chairman Diallo Telli of Guinea, faces a choice between "violence on the one hand, economic sanctions on the other"—a threat that black South Africans will ultimately revolt unless economic pressures force the government to change its ways.

The sanctions so far have neither defused the boom of Africa's richest nation nor diminished its role as a prime salesman to the world. Since the boycott began four years ago, British and U.S. investment alone in South Africa has risen 50% to \$3.7 billion. South Africa's gross national product has increased 20% to \$8.6 billion, and the Rand Daily Mail's stock market index has nearly quadrupled. With exports of products as varied as wheat and mining machinery running at a record \$1.5 billion rate, South Africa boasts an international payments surplus of \$200 million, could write off its few debts with a mere four months' gold production.



RHODESIAN WITH SOUTH AFRICAN GOODS

The price tags are irresistible.

Detours. A few South African companies, of course, have felt a boycott pinch. When Denmark stopped shipping small arms to South Africa in 1960, it also reduced its own imports by more than 50%. Clothing shipments from South Africa to Black Africa fell from \$12 million in 1959 to \$5,000,000 last year. The profits of South African Airways have dwindled because its planes, banned from the Black African airspace, must fly the time-and-money-consuming "apartheid route" over the Atlantic to Europe.

Black Africa, however, has done little to make the boycott stick. South African steel, autos and sugar find their way into most of the nations supporting the ban. Reason: South Africa's advanced technology, low labor costs and modest shipping charges result in price tags many Black Africans find irresistible. "My country," sighs Northern Rhodesian Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda, "cannot afford to boycott South Africa."

A Question of Need. If a boycott is to work, it must be supported by the U.S. and Britain. Their purchases of such items as gold, copper and diamonds account for one-third of South Africa's trading income. They oppose the boycott, saying publicly that it would hurt black workers more than the white businessmen, but confiding privately that they need South Africa as both a supplier and buyer. The U.S. and Britain have banned arms shipments to South Africa, but in April British Labor Leader Harold Wilson, an Oxford-trained economist, questioned the wisdom of a full-scale boycott. "Sanctions which hit at the people without influencing its government would be futile and tragic," said he. "The imposition of a trade boycott is in fact little short of war."

Wilson may also have had in mind a boycott's effect on British industry, which sells \$500 million worth of goods yearly to South Africa. If such sales were blocked, thousands of British workers could lose their jobs.

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Desirée, 26, granddaughter of Sweden's Gustaf VI Adolf, and Baron Niclas Silfverschiöld, 29, wealthy Swedish gentleman farmer, in a Lutheran ceremony attended by Scandinavia's Who's Who, in Stockholm.

Married. Theodore Chaikin Sorensen, 36, confidant, counselor and speechwriter for John F. Kennedy from 1953 to 1963; and Sarah Ann Elbery, 31, petite Boston schoolteacher; he for the second time; in Manhattan. They met in 1958 when both worked on Kennedy's senatorial campaign in Boston, and their friendship flowered when she took a job in Washington in 1961 and accompanied Ted on summer trips to Cape Cod.

Divorced. Xavier Cugat, 64, roly-poly king of Latin swing; by Abbe Lane, 32, wiggly-jiggly singer who joined "Coogie's" conga line in 1950; after twelve years of marriage, no children; on grounds of incompatibility; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Matthew Michael Fox, 53, Hollywood's own version of the wheeler-dealer, who in the early 1940s turned nearly bankrupt Universal Pictures into a \$7,000,000-a-year profitmaker by luring away stars from other studios, made a further killing by selling old movies to TV, later gained control of Skiatron, which pioneered pay TV, and finally went international in 1948 by persuading the newborn Republic of Indonesia to make him its U.S. trade broker, a deal involving \$150 million a year before it collapsed in 1950; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Leo Szilard, 66, famed physicist, who with Enrico Fermi in 1942 triggered the world's first nuclear chain reaction and thus made possible the atomic bomb; of a heart attack; in La Jolla, Calif. A Hungarian-Jewish refugee from Hitler's persecutions, Szilard foresaw as early as 1939 the possibility of uranium bombs, persuaded Einstein to lend his famous name to a letter to President Roosevelt in which he pointed out the danger that Germany might beat the U.S. to such a weapon; once his advice was heeded and the bomb developed, Szilard looked with regret upon the monster he had helped unleash, worked incessantly for disarmament and peaceful uses for nuclear energy.

Died. Catherine Evans Whitener, 83, who at the age of 15 snipped off each bit of yarn as it came through the cloth of a bedspread she was making, thus inventing the tufted bedspread, something that has since become one of Georgia's largest industries as mass production built up tufted textiles into a \$500 million-a-year business; of cancer; in Dalton, Ga.



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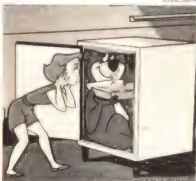
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CINEMA

Stars & B'ars

The art of animation has fallen on evil days. Once upon a time Walt Disney had a duck that laid a golden egg, but for many years now it has cost more to draw a paper performer than it does to hire a live one. In order to balance their books, most modern animators compromise their methods. They simplify figures, eliminate movements, prioritize colors, standardize settings. Even so, they occasionally do exciting work. Of two feature-length cartoons in current release, one is about as good as such things get. The other, unhappily, looks like a TV reject.

Hey There, It's Yogi Bear is even cuter, kiddies, than the title attempts to suggest. The principal character, whose name and nature are distinctly insulting to the present manager of the New York Yankees, is a chubby and badly drawn bruin who looked reasonably ur-



YOGI BEAR IN THE CHILLER
A soggy cookie in the trap.

sine on TV but on the giant screen resembles an enormous and rather soggy cinnamon cookie. He lives in Jellystone National Park but talks like a bear from the Bronx Zoo. "Duh," he announces, "I'm smahtuh dan de avidge hayuh." To prove it he assembles a battalion of "trained picnic ants" and sends them to steal chocolate cakes from tourists. Then he runs off to rescue a nifty little beige bear named Cindy from the clutches of the Chizzling Brothers, who—oh, heck, who cares? Certainly not the people (Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera) who are unscrupulously luring the public into this bear trap.

Of Stars and Men, however, was made by a man who cares very much about what he has to say and how he means to say it. John Hubley learned his trade in Disney's shop, later developed a money-making style of his own (Gerald McBoing Boing, Mr. Magoo). But at 50 he aspires to be a serious graphic artist, a Matisse of animation.

Hubley's hubris is evident both in the theme ("To find man's place in the uni-

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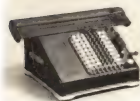
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MAN & MATE IN "STARS"
A glimmer of cosmic moonlight.

verse") and in the treatment of his latest film. Adapted from a fairly erudite essay published in 1958 by Astronomer Harlow Shapley, *Of Stars and Men* is constructed like a philosophical treatise. In a prologue, Hubley celebrates man's capacity to know—and to know that he knows. In five principal chapters (Space, Time, Matter, Energy, Life), he expounds the physical universe as man has come to know it. And in an epilogue, he imagines where man stands in the *novum organum*: a puzzled inflection of star stuff, a mote of mind that glitters for a moment on the grand galactic stream.

At times, Hubley handsomely transforms these ideas into images. His colors are pale and wash across the screen like slow surl in the moonlight; yet here and there in the watery depths, a point of richer color burns for an instant like a brilliant fish. Early in the film he engineers a spectacular ballet of electrons; later he pictures a cluster of great galaxies that lie asleep in space like a nest of glimmering, immeasurable crabs.

Nevertheless, a lot of things go wrong in Hubley's universe. Too often his art smells of the airbrush. Too often his narration reads like a high school science lecture. All the same it is well to remember that, for the present, the alternative to Hubley's unperfected universe is the witless world of Yogi Bear.

Real Life Revisited

Ring of Treason is a semi-documentary spy drama so set on realism that it takes one of Britain's most pedestrian episodes of peacetime espionage as a model, apparently to avoid drama, thrills or sex. The movie recreates events leading to the 1961 conviction of Gordon Arnold Lonsdale, born Konon Trofimovich Molodt, who was recently swapped back to the Russians in exchange for Greville Wynne. Still in a British prison for their association with Lonsdale are pub-crawling Chief Petty Officer Henry Houghton; his plump, middle-aged sweetheart Elizabeth Gee, who fished diagrams, manuals and Admiralty fleet orders; and a pair of personable American traitors, Peter and Helen Kroger, whose cozy home in a London suburb contained a



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Briskly acted and filmed, *Treason* telescopes the story to concentrate on the shambling, corruptible Houghton. He loses his charm on the navy's Miss Cree, a lonely spinster who sits next to a safe full of top secrets, dreaming about love, Monte Carlo and a yellow two-seater sportscar. Their romance, though, consists mainly of weekends in London, and the extent of their moral debauchery is going to a music hall to applaud the Crazy Gang. The film makers warn at the end that "there may be a spy in this very theater, in the very row where you're sitting." Such drab middle-class doings as this film shows may well prod enemy agents into a more exciting line of work.

A Thing of Booty

The Long Ships, a riotous viking sea saga, has impossible acting, a preposterous script, some eminently seeworthy ship reconstructions, and more enjoy-



POTTIER & LONCAR IN "SHIPS"
After the maelstrom, the Moor.

able bloody foolishness than many an epic costing three times as much.

Oscar Homolka sets the tone as the crusty old Thane of Skandia, a bankrupt shipbuilder with a voice like a rockslide. Searching for the legendary Golden Bell, a thing of booty "as tall as three men, and cast by the monks of Byzantium," Homolka's sons Richard and Widmark and Russ Tamblin steal the Norse King's funeral ship as well as his shapely daughter (Yugoslavia's Beba Loncar), and head south. All that stands in their way is a mutinous crew, a maelstrom and Sidney Pottier, a Moorish prince. He, too, dreams of the golden "Mother of Voices," but hears only the wail of his neglected Queen Rosanna Schiaffino. Pottier captures the vikings in a highly photogenic battle beside their shipwrecked hull.

From then on, the weapons chosen range from flotsam and jetsam to pure slapstick. Director Jack Cardiff is at his most ingenuitous in a triumphal march that turns out to be an ambush—long avenues of Moorish troops stand at rigid attention, each with a quick viking

blade at his back. In the subsequent melee, even the lovely Schiaffino is impaled on a lance the size of a mizzenmast. Though such wounds are invariably mortal, they never seem the least bit serious. And that is probably what keeps *Ships* from going under.

Behind Barbed Wire

Kapo examines in excruciating detail the plight of women prisoners in a Polish concentration camp during World War II. Like all recitals of Nazi horrors, this Italian-made film, dubbed in English, is often stark and terrifying, and Director Gillo Pontecorvo gives his best scenes a look of grainy newsreel authenticity: half-frozen women laying railroad ties gaze hopelessly at wisps of smoke coming from a heated glass shed; the prisoners primp for a ghastly fitness inspection in which signs of illness, or too many grey hairs, can spell the difference between life and death; or they stand in a snowy field singing and shivering around a great hurren tree while the commandant wishes all a merry Christmas.

But the film's effectiveness fades because of an unconvincing plot, more agonized than acted by Susan Strasberg, who appears in a cold-blooded analogue of the Anne Frank role in which she first won fame on Broadway. Cast as a French adolescent, she conceals her Jewish origin, volunteers as a playmate for the SS in order to get food, steals the socks off a dead comrade who once saved her life, and finally becomes a dread Kapo—"head" or trust—who assumes guard duties, wielding a rubber truncheon against fellow inmates. This unsympathetic behavior nearly amounts to a forceful statement about the corruption of human values under stress, except that the beast in Actress Strasberg is patently far too tame. Cast as a bossy, driving turn-of-mind, she somehow remains pensive and soulful-eyed, falls predictably in love with a handsome P.W., and dies heroically just as Soviet guns begin to boom beyond the surrounding hills.

Up in Smoke

The Brass Bottle. "This is not Baghdad, it's Pasadena!" crows Tony Randall as a camel caravan approaches his front lawn. From the antique urn that he bought for a gift, he has uncorked a fat green djinni, waiting to get out and wield magic. Randall's djinni happens to be Burl Ives, who complicates a routine romantic farce by conjuring up slaves, seneschals, dromedaries, elephants, a shapely blue djinniveh (Kamala Devi) and a tonic belly dancer (Tulsi Porter). Soon, of course, Randall has to explain all the whimsical phenomena to his fiancée, Barbara Eden. This chore convinces him that nothing that comes out of the bottle is worth what goes into it. He's quite right too. Audiences may choose to stay home where they can rub their television sets and hope for a miracle.

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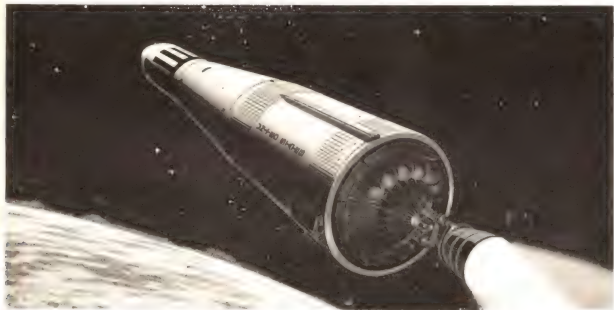


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BOOKS

Fresh Off the Assembly Line

ARMAGEDDON by Leon Uris: 632 pages. Doubleday, \$6.95.

Hmm. Bank balance down. Time to do another Big Novel. But what about? The marines in World War II? Did that one already. Maybe the Kaiser's war? Ancient history. The Israeli thing, and beautiful deep-chested broads with big bandoleers standing ankle-deep in the dirt of the kibbutzim? Day, there's

DAY V. JONES



LEON URIS

Is English necessary?

a bestselling idea. Too bad, did that one too. What's left? Got it! Berlin and the airlift. It has flyers and wild blue yonders, and conflict with the Russkies, and a small band of far-seeing Army officers, and fräuleins, and had Germans and maybe a few good ones this time, and . . .

Leon Uris' new novel is the predictable end product of an interior monologue just like that. And it must be conceded that Uris, who once publicly pronounced himself "the most outstanding U.S. writer of today," has succeeded astonishingly in his aim: into this big bad book he has packed away every conceivable stock figure, from the nice Russian officer (Igor) trapped by the system, to the beautiful whore (Hilde) who reforms and then softens the hard heart of the dashing American pilot (Scott, what else?).

Uris put in about three years of research and writing to produce this book. It reads as if it were not written at all but dictated, Napoleon style, at top speed to at least two secretaries at once, and the resulting manuscript corrected with a glass in one hand, a cigar in the other, and no place to hold the blue pencil. Even the title is a piece of mindless sensationalism: Berlin was not a battle, let alone the last one.

Uris piles up countless petty errors

of fact, even of grammar ("It's a good thing English has nothing to do with writing" is another Uris pronunciation). The airlift and the gummy Berliners deserve a better chronicler.

Santa Claus of Loneliness

RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN SWITZERLAND by J. R. von Salis, translated by N. K. Cruickshank. 321 pages. University of California, \$7.50.

"The Santa Claus of loneliness" was W. H. Auden's tag for his fellow poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. Rilke did not look like Santa Claus—more like the man who shot him. Beneath a nobly domed forehead, pale eyes glared out from a mealy featured face. This repellent countenance would on rare occasions be relieved by an unpleasant smile. Yet for all his unprepossessing appearance, he had the pride of Lucifer himself. He insisted on his aristocratic descent, Christianity may call all men sinners. Not Rilke. "Perhaps I am not a sinner," he would say.

Rilke was a solitary who spent, according to his French master, Paul Valéry, "eternal winters long in excessive intimacy with silence." Such a man does not leave the makings of a lively biography. But out of his elected silence Rilke drew such lyrics that men have searched the bare facts of his life for the sources of his mastery.

Inner Space. The facts are bare indeed. Born in Prague 88 years ago, he died of leukemia in Switzerland in 1926; the events in between are almost accounted for by the names of the countries he visited or lived in (Germany, France, Russia, Spain, Italy) and the handful of friends he made—the most important of them women. These ladies included the Princess of Thurn and Taxis and the fabulous Lou Andreas-Salomé, who was his elder by 14 years and who deeply impressed—besides the poet—Friedrich Nietzsche and Sigmund Freud. His love for Lou Andreas was a lifelong though mostly distant affair, interrupted briefly, as Biographer von Salis dryly observes, by his marriage to Clara Westhof. In an age that is congesting toward total togetherness, when even a Wordsworth can only wander lonely as a crowd, the solitary figure of Rilke commands something somewhere between awe and irritation. He sought *Weltinnenraum*—literally, "inner-world-space," the landscape of the mind that can be seen only by introspection.

Were it not for Von Salis, personal knowledge of this most private of men would be largely left to the colored memoirs of the ladies of his life. Von Salis, formerly professor of history at the Swiss Institute of Technology, was a young man when he knew Rilke during the last seven years of the poet's self-exile in Switzerland, and his

partial biography has been a primary source of countless articles and other writings on Rilke since it was first published in 1936. It has now appeared for the first time in English, translated by Norah Keshall Cruickshank, an English poet.

Von Salis' book begins with the poet in the summer of 1919, after "five impenetrable, sterile years, interrupting all genuine life." War was intolerable for a man who found civic peace too much. He had been drafted into the German army, but the minute the war ended he fled to Switzerland, "as animals go when the closed season is over."

In Switzerland he attained a sort of civic asylum. Patronesses supplied chalets and châteaux. He completed the *Duino Elegies*, begun at Princess Thurn and Taxis' castle on the Adriatic near Trieste; she celebrated the event with a ceremonious visit, during which the poet recited the whole work to her.

Nameless Shame. Von Salis has few such events to record: A visit to an abandoned chapel to put flowers on the altar or "a feast of reconciliation" (i.e., a chat) with a tardy postman are typical adventures. By common standards, Rilke did not "live" at all. The events of his life took place within his poetry.

In Rilke, says Critic Hans Eggen Holthausen, "we see the conquest of an originally Christian soul by an anti-Christian consciousness." In one short poem Rilke presents Christ's imagined prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane:

*I am alone with all men's grief
Which I essayed to heal through Thine
And Thine art not.
O nameless shame . . .
Then they recounted that an angel
came.
Why an angel?
It was night that came.
And played idly with the
leaves.*

But Rilke's hard-edged cynicism is not to be equated with the currently

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RAINER MARIA RILKE

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fashionable syndrome of despair. He believed in no hereafter, but he accepted death as a just price for the gift of life. He is the voice of all whose worship goes to no Creator but to Creation itself. When he came to write his will, Rilke included a lyrical conundrum in which life and death became one in the symbol of the rose, whose loveliness contains nothing.

Rose, of pure contradiction, delight in being no one's sleep under so many lids.

The complexity of his thought and art are more clear in the German, where *Lieder* (eyelids) also suggest *Lieder* (songs).

The paradox followed Rilke in a final irony. Picking such a rose in his garden, he pricked his finger. The puncture did not heal, and from this small clue his doctor discovered that Rilke had leukemia in a rare, painful and eventually disfiguring form. "Life is a glory," were among his last words.



TERRY SOUTHERN
Nobody called foul.

Southern Exposure

CANDY by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. 224 pages. Putnam \$5.

Since pornography is now available at every neighborhood bookshop and drugstore, the idea of satirizing the pornographic novel was bound to occur to someone. If done with Swifian skill, it could be defended on moral as well as literary grounds, even though it could easily descend to the level of a vice crusader's wet-lipped discourse on the evils of vice.

Candy is as far from Swift as a French postcard is from Hogarth. Its heroine, Candy Christian, is that supposedly flirtatious character—the girl who was ruined by a book. A glanded college girl, she believes everything she reads or is told, and thus her pretty head is filled with every cliché in the current liberal establishment of



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ideas. Unhappily there is just one thing she can do for her country, for colonial freedom, for Zen enlightenment, for Freud, for minorities, and this she certainly does. For example, she takes the most improbable of her lovers, a cretin with a "radish-white" humped back, because he is so loathsome that he constitutes a superminority of one.

It is true that Candy, Mephesto the mad professor, Irving Krankheit the mad psychiatrist (author of *Masturbation Now!*), a mad Buddhist monk, and several other off-white slaverers at whom she throws herself, have as much fun as a barrel of impure-minded monkeys. But the result is not uproarious enough to require comparison to Byron (as one critic has suggested), unless you have something against Byron.

Candy, originally written for Paris' Olympia Press, which specializes in sheer lubricity, is not pornography. It may even be described as antisexual; all too often, at the crucial moment, everything goes askew, and Candy slips back into her filmy panties, crying "Good grief!" Its most conspicuous intent is to be more outrageous in detail than what it is satirizing, and these days, that is hard to do. In the effort, *Candy* ends up dirty as hell.

No reviewer has said so. It seems that there is hardly a literary critic on earth today who would risk seeming a prude in print.

The Ascetic Pagan

JULIAN by Gore Vidal. 503 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

No odder figure ever guided the destinies of the Holy Roman Empire than the Emperor Julian Augustus (circa 331-363), known as Julian the Apostate. Here was a recluse and a scholar who became a great military leader, an ascetic who preached the life of the senses, a fatalist who believed he would remake the world. More important, here was a man who did his best to write an end to Christianity before it had fairly begun. As the subject of biography he is endlessly fascinating. As the subject of fiction he has one major defect: he was an utterly irrational man.

Novelist Gore Vidal has obviously read his Robert Graves. His ninth novel (and his first in a decade) is an attempt to apply to Julian's life the same smooth blend of erudition and dramatic flair, of scholarship leavened with wit that set the urbane tone for *I, Claudius* and *Claudius, the God*. Vidal is a resourceful writer, and he has mastered the manner to perfection. Only his subject eludes him.

Secret Journal, the novel, which draws heavily on Julian's own letters (more than 80 have been preserved), is cast in the form of a secret journal presumably written by Julian and discovered in his tent the night of his death by a garrulous old counselor, one Priscus, who serves as a sort of chorus.

As Vidal sees him, Julian was the

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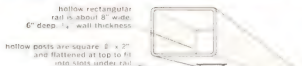


The scene is a New York State testing ground for highway research.* Electronically controlled cars are sent crashing into different types of median barriers at speeds up to 60 mph. Highway safety experts analyze the damage, seeking better ways to protect the motoring public. One result of the program was the development of a revolutionary box beam design for safer median barriers.

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New York State highway engineers found the box beam design could be made economically from a product developed recently by U. S. Steel: rectangular hollow structural steel tubing. The lightweight posts are inserted into transverse slots in the under-

*Tests conducted by Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, Inc., for New York State Dept. of Public Works Bureau of Physical Research



side of the guard rail. The rail is a box beam 8" x 6" made of hollow rectangular tubing. Only an internal sleeve and two bolts are needed to fasten two lengths together.

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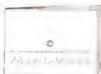
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prototype of what a political leader should be—tolerant, intellectually curious, and equipped with a large sense of the absurdity of all humanity, including himself. It is probably no accident that, in some respects, he resembles John F. Kennedy, who Vidal thought had "the perfect temperament" for command.

Lost Survivors. Julian's career was as spectacular as it was brief. Nephew of Constantine the Great, he was born in Constantinople and trained, by imperial edict, for a career in the church. But in the course of a visit to Nicomedia, he came under the influence of apostate theoreticians secretly working toward a return to the old faith—or rather, to an idealized amalgam of paganism and philosophy that they took for the faith of the ancient world. Julian wanted to be a teacher, and might well have been if his half-brother Gallus (whom Vidal paints as almost a parody of the Roman voluptuary) had not been executed for misgovernment, leaving the Emperor Constantius and Julian as the last male survivors of the imperial line. With Gaul threatened by the Alamanni, Constantius reluctantly bestowed on Julian the title of Caesar and gave him both the government of Gaul and the hand of his sister Helena.

In a series of remarkable victories (the most notable being at Strasbourg in 357), Julian secured the frontier once more at the Rhine. When Constantius died in 361, he became emperor. He died in battle against the Persians in 363, at the age of 32, having been on the throne for only 18 months.

Theories & Orgies. He was, by all accounts, an inconsistent, witty, posturing romantic who somehow confused his own zest for life with a woolly, neo-Platonic pantheism, and who saw Christianity as a death-dealing force that was draining the life of the empire. In his brief reign, he made his brand

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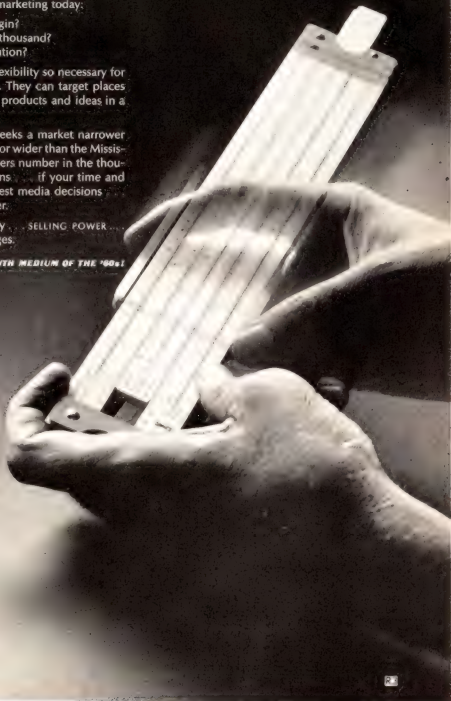
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of paganism (which owed much to Mithras-worship) the state religion and used his office to drive Christians from positions of state. He died, according to one theory (which Vidal accepts), from a wound inflicted not by the Persians but by an enraged Christian in the Roman ranks. His religious reforms died with him.

Vidal spent two years in Rome researching *Julian*, and fleshes out the story of this complex man with pages of theological philosophizing, descriptions of the campaigns and a few top-drawer orgies, including one in which 50 lascivious eunuchs rip the clothes off a herd of terrified teen-agers (male and female) "in the same way children tear wrappings from a gift, passionately eager to see what is inside."

Vidal himself is an energetic husker of wrappings. The weakness of his novels is that he seems uncertain, as is the reader, about what manner of animal he has discovered inside.

Also Current

THE CART AND THE HORSE by Louis Kronenberger. 212 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Essayist Kronenberger is the coolest of U.S. society's critics: where others whack away with club and cutlasm, Kronenberger sits back and throws darts, quietly but accurately. Among targets: "taste makers and pace setters," who, he believes, have failed to lead U.S. culture to greatness; the system that has seduced so many good writers and artists into working for corporations and their ad agencies, thus creating "a sort of debased intellectual class who, by way of their knowledge and skill, have become rather the writing hands of business, than outright businessmen"; and the great stress placed on the chap marks of education "with the B.A. a tollgate to a business career, the Ph.D. to an academic one." Essentially good humored and tolerant, Kronenberger charges other men with folly rather than outright evil, and recognizes that the very extremism that often makes the U.S. unbearable has helped to make it great. His conclusion: "We are a corrupted people but not a depraved one. We don't make pacts with Satan; what we try to do is to make pacts with God."

THE TAILOR AND ANSTY by Eric Cross. 223 pages. Devin-Adair. \$3.95.

The tailor of the title, an old man living in the mountains bordering Cork and Kerry, was a local oracle who could sit by the hour strutting out Irish tales and songs. Anastasia, his "bitter half," was his chorus. When Eric Cross, an Irish short-story writer, first published *The Tailor and Ansty* in 1942, they were already something of a legend. Cross tells the stories and the occasional songs as he heard them. They are about talking cats; about the adventures of the "cabogues," itinerant laborers who used to help the farmers dig spuds in the autumn; about weddings and wakes

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and corpses that sat up in their shrouds. Yet the special charm of this book is that it manages to describe Irish peasant life without condescension or that peculiar quaintness which often produces a distinct aroma of poteen and formaldehyde. The book's other claim to fame is that (for reasons not even Fellow Irishman Frank O'Connor, who provides the introduction, can fully explain) it was banned by the government in 1943 as "in general tendency indecent." The ban has since been lifted.

BOTH SIDES OF THE OCEAN by Viktor Nekrasov. 191 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$4.50.

Considering all the nasty things foreign visitors have said about the U.S., there was no reason to expect anything different from a devout Russian Communist who spent two weeks in the



VIKTOR NEKRASOV
What would Marx say?

U.S. in 1960. But in these magazine articles, written on his return to Russia, Novelist Viktor Nekrasov said so many nice things about the U.S. and so many uncomplimentary things about his own country that he was denounced for "bourgeois objectivism" and threatened with expulsion from the Communist Party. The least controllable of the 16-man Russian delegation picked to visit the U.S., Nekrasov panicked the tour leader by always going off on little walks of his own. He marveled at Manhattan skyscrapers and abstract art, happily guzzled Coca-Cola, bought aspirin on the advice of TV commercials. In passing, Nekrasov takes a swipe at Russian restaurants ("rank odors and the waitress like a she-wolf"). Russian films ("The old worker always has exactly the right answer for anything you ask him") and Russian secretiveness ("Excessive caution does not bring people together, it drives them apart"). What would Marx and Lenin say to this Communist traveler, who never dogmatizes and never claims to know all the answers?



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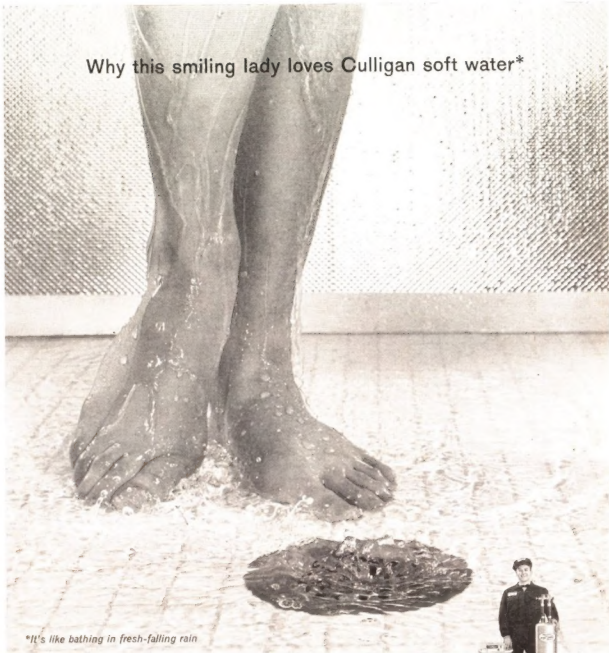
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